THE
LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

May, 1806.

MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

WE take the earliest opportunity of presenting our fair readers with the Portrait, and a short Biographical Sketch, of one of the great ornaments of their sex; a venerable and illustrious example of female literary talent, and a most worthy member of society.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter is said to have been born at or near Deal, in Kent, about the year 1717: her father, the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Carter, having been curate of Deal from 1718 to 1774, the time of his death; and also rector of Woodchurch, 1755. He took great delight in superintending the cultivation of his daughter's capacious mind, from which he had the satisfaction of seeing such early fruit, that she was capable of giving her only brother, Henry, his classical education as his private tutor, previous to his being sent to a public school. He afterwards went to Cambridge, and became rector of Wittenham, Berks. This is remarked to have been a station in which her principles in religion, the purity of her morals, her own unblemished, amiable and meritorious life, would have rendered her eminently conspicuous, if she had been of the other sex, and she would have discharged its duties with the most unimpeachable integrity. Even in her poetry, towards which she had a strong propensity, there is a constant aim to render that delicious art subservient to the interests of virtue.

Her first poetical effusion which was made public, is believed to be the beautiful Ode to Wisdom, usher-

ed originally to the world in the celebrated novel of Clarissa, and written before she had completed her eighteenth year: but, previous to the publication of her poems, a regard to chronological order requires us to notice two papers in the Rambler: the first under date of August 18, 1750, in which Superstition is personified, with characteristic propriety, inspiring chill horror, with a pale complexion, looks of severity, armed with whips, withering creation beneath her steps, involving the fair face of heaven in universal gloom, extinguishing every principle of joy in the human breast, and conducting through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns. Religion, its opposite, is also pourtrayed with great strength of imagination. The second appeared March 2, in the following year, and is an ironical description of fashionable life, and the ridiculous pleasures which constitute the serious business of that class in society, which claims a superiority to all other mortals. It is, we believe, generally admitted, that these two essays do no dishonor to that admired work, and were highly esteemed by Dr. Johnson himself, as we are informed by Mrs. Piozzi; and he must be a reader of considerable discernment, who could have discovered, by his own unassisted judgment, that they were not written by the great moralist himself.

In 1758, she published what may be called her great work; that by which she is chiefly distinguished, namely, a translation, from the original Greek, of all the works of Epictetus that remain: this was done by subscription, in one quarto volume, and her list was filled up with a long catalogue of names of high distinction. The introduction and notes, written by herself, display genuine taste, a fund of real learning, and a power of reflection congenial to that of the author whom she has introduced with such elegance into the literature of her country; which has, in return, bestowed on her work that high degree of applause so justly due.

Four years after the publication of her Epictetus, she

she was induced, by the Earl of Bath, to give her Poems to the world, in one volume, octavo, having chiefly appeared in Dodsley's Miscellanies. The famous Lord Lyttelton, who had perused them in manuscript, has celebrated them in a copy of verses. Her poetical works are applauded by the critics, as bearing a high character for sentiment, tenderness, delicacy, morality, philosophical dignity, and fervent piety. As compositions, their merit is very great, possessing sweetness of expression, true sensibility, serene majesty, and loftiness of imagination; proving her, in this respect, the genuine disciple of Plato; while her previous appearance, as the translator of Epictetus, shewed her principal inducement in that work, was a desire to spread the influence of a philosophy which might tend to reconcile man to the necessary and unavoidable evils connected with his condition. Indeed, Mrs. Carter possessed all the gentlest virtues of her own sex, as well as the higher attainments and talents that adorn the other; and was esteemed by a very large, yet select, circle of friends, and these of the most amiable and valuable class in society, such as the present worthy Bishop of London, and those that pursue the same beneficent track; who fulfil the same laudable and beneficent purposes; and, as hinted before, nothing but her being a woman seems to have prevented her from having become one of the greatest, and, perhaps, highest, ornaments of the church.

Mrs. Carter was held in the highest admiration for her happy talent in combining the duties and interests of humanity with her learned pursuits, not suffering the abstractions of science to withdraw her attention from the common concerns of life, and the wants of her fellow-creatures: and it cannot but present an interesting subject for the contemplation of our fair readers, and of imitation to the more learned part of them, to behold one of their own sex connecting things, scientific and familiar, from the highest researches in philosophy, to the most common and

useful acquirements. Let us view her in the exercise of that deep erudition, and philosophic power of reflection, which could enable her to soar with Plato, and at the same time attentive to the minutiæ in the interior of the household; pursuing the niceties of grammar through the labyrinths of Grecian literature, so as to present us with an English Epictetus, executed with elegance and precision, yet minutely acquainted with the ingredients necessary to form a viand for the poor, or a cordial for the sick. In short, there was to be found in her a happy mixture of what constitutes excellency in either sex: her understanding was masculine; and her thorough acquaintance with the learned languages, qualified her for the society of the first scholars of the age; while the innate modesty of her sex shone conspicuous when in the company of such; nor did she ever intrude her super-eminent acquirements upon others. Without the present fashionable fulsome affectation of sensibility, her heart truly felt for the distresses of her fellow-creatures, which was demonstrated by the only genuine evidence, her haste to mitigate or relieve them; while unsolicitous about her own, she met all that chance or change brought upon herself with pious resignation. Her countenance was extremely interesting, in which was strongly depicted that placid serenity which arose from a native mildness of temper, and what is usually termed, great goodness of heart; and this, as a natural consequence, was displayed in that sweetness of manners, that, with all her uncommon endowments, predominated in all her conduct, and shed around the influence of the benign philosophy which had formed her favorite study.

To the felicity of such a life, sustained by such a character, and honored by such friendships, is to be added the great length of time she lived to enjoy, and give enjoyment to, those who knew and loved her. This venerable lady closed her amiable and useful life February 19, in the present year, at her lodgings in Clarges-Street, Piccadilly, in the eighty-ninth year of her age.

OLD

OLD WOMAN.

NO. XCII.

IN my last paper, I recorded two melancholy instances of the baneful effects of jealousy in the married state, and may they serve as beacons to guide and direct others who may be similarly circumstanced! I shall now proceed to furnish my fair readers with a couple of examples of the same nature, which took place between lovers; and in the end, prevented that union which might, with a different disposition on one side, have been productive of lasting happiness.

Theodora was the only daughter of a Clergyman, no less distinguished for his learning and abilities, than for the propriety of his professional conduct, and the genuine goodness of his heart. His preferment enabled him to make a respectable figure in the world; but he expended more in acts of private beneficence, as became him to do, than in vain ostentation, and idle parade. His wife was a pattern of sense and virtue; and their united care was to form their daughter's mind to every amiable quality, and adorn her with every female accomplishment. By the time she had reached the age of seventeen, she was the object of universal admiration; for nature had been as partial to her person, as her parents had been attentive to the cultivation of her mind.

In the parish of which her father was rector, lived a gentleman of large property, whose eldest son, and the heir to his estates, was named Theodosius. Between the families a friendly intimacy had long subsisted; and though neither of the parties had hitherto entertained a thought of its leading to any closer connection, the father of Theodora now began to perceive that his daughter was not indifferent to the son of his friend; and though, for a time, he refrained from hinting his suspicions, he determined to be

vigilant, and to act on the occasion, as honor and propriety might direct. Theodosius, who was about four years older than Theodora, became more and more frequent in his visits; and the good divine, without encouraging them, was too polite to shew any coolness or reserve on the occasion. He thought it his duty, however, confidentially to mention to the father of Theodosius, the probable consequences of the encreased intimacy between the young people, and to ask how far it might be safe to permit or encourage it. The squire, who was an honest man, but little refined, bluntly observed, that his son was born to a good estate, and therefore could afford to please himself; that he, indeed, had expected he would marry a lady of equal fortune; but, added he, "Theodora is a fine girl; and I cannot blame his taste: I, perhaps, should have fancied her myself, had I been in the same situation."

Mutual explanations now took place; all unnecessary reserve was laid aside; and the lovers (for so I shall now call them) spent frequent hours in those innocent endearments, which virtuous affection not only justifies, but inspires. Every thing for a time went on in the most prosperous train. Theodora made sure of her conquest; and for the first time in her life, shewed some symptoms of vanity, which naturally excited the envy of her female friends. Among them was a young lady of great vivacity, and superior pretensions in fortune and family, to those which Theodora possessed. She was artful and intriguing, and determined to humble the parson's daughter, as she disdainfully called her. It was not long before she found the opportunity she wished. At a public assembly, where the lovers attended, she shewed such marked attention to Theodosius, that, out of civility, he could not do less than return it. Theodora saw this with pain, which she had not the policy to conceal; and she retired to a corner of the room, where she burst into tears. Her admirer, without

out guessing the cause, tried every art to soothe her; but the ranklings of jealousy had taken place in her heart, and she was at best uncomfortable to herself, and unpleasant to others, during the remainder of the evening. The malevolent cause of this change in Theodora, gloried in her success, which was no longer a secret; and when Theodosius was saying some indifferent things to her, "Go, said she; do not waste your compliments on me. Go; or Theodora will fall into another fit of jealousy."

It was the first public occasion in which Theodosius had exposed himself to any observations of this kind in company with his Theodora. Like many other young men, he could not bear to be thought deficient in spirit; and, conscious of a sincere attachment, he could not submit to be a slave. To be the object of raillery on such a point, was to him the most intolerable of grievances. After they retired, he remonstrated with Theodora on her behaviour, and insinuated, that, though he loved her above all women in the world, he was not therefore to sink into the passive object of her caprices, and expose himself to the laughter of his friends. Presuming too much on her power, she answered rather tartly, that he might do as he pleased: and next day she received a letter from him, lamenting that the temper she had shewn, would prevent him for ever from finding or conferring that felicity which ought to be mutual, and wishing her, with some more deserving and *condescending* admirer, all that her heart could wish. To shew that he was in earnest, having explained his reasons to his father, he obtained leave to travel for a few months; and soon after his return, married the very lady who had occasioned the rupture with Theodora. The latter, becoming peevish from disappointment, forfeited the prospects which might still have awaited her; and at last was glad to take up with her father's curate, who married her as a good speculation, rather than because he loved her.

Aminta

Aminta was the daughter of a rich merchant in the city of London, and received an education suitable to the opulence of her family. She was naturally haughty and satirical; and as she expressed it, "would have a will of her own." This the servants, who attended her, found, to their cost, was not spoken in vain; and though she had artifice enough to conceal from her equals, much of her real character, she was treated with respect, more on account of her expectations and connections, than from any inherent qualities that belonged to her person or her mind. Several young men, in respectable spheres of life, would, however, have been inclined to pay their devoirs to her in the capacity of lovers; but though she liked to be flattered, no one had yet made a sufficient impression on her heart, to gain her exclusive regard. At length, she fell in company, at a watering-place, with the gay Alcander, the eldest son of a poor baronet, and who was on the look out to repair the shattered fortunes of his house by some matrimonial connection, for which, places of public resort are now the grand marts. He was elegant and well-bred, and made such an evident progress in Aminta's affections, that he lost little time in avowing himself her lover, and soliciting her father's permission to visit her. The merchant wanted to mend the blood of his family; and the young baronet was anxious to find a wife who would enable him to make an appearance equal to his rank. The prospect was favorable for effectuating both purposes; and for a few weeks, Alcander and Aminta were inseparable on the walks, and at the rooms. Aminta was really in love: Alcander's passion was confined to the thousands she possessed: her person he would have taken like an old house into the purchase, but he was not inclined to give up much for that acquisition.

Meanwhile, a party of Alcander's friends arrived at the same place, and some of them probably for the same purpose. Among the rest, was a lady whom

he had never seen, the only daughter of a man who, from the humblest origin, had acquired an immense fortune in the East. Out of civility, Alcander took upon him to introduce the strangers, and to accompany them to the public amusements. Among others, he made them known to his intended bride; but when she saw a lady of so much greater reputed fortune than herself, so closely connected with Alcander's friends, she began to fear something very alarming; and, instead of endeavouring to fix Alcander by the charms of her conduct and conversation, she behaved in such an unprovoked manner to the strange lady in particular, that her admirer was ashamed of her himself, and bantered by his companions on his want of taste, in picking up such an ill-bred creature, who was already jealous of him, and who would be the curse of his life, if he was inseparably united to her. To make short, the provocation which Aminta had given, was not softened by her subsequent conduct: she felt the sterling weight of her thousands, and vainly thought that Alcander was as much attached to her as she was to him. From misunderstandings, they proceeded to downright quarrels. His young friends took care to widen the breach; and in a few weeks he was married to the oriental charmer, whose brilliant fortune, and not unamiable character, amply compensated for what he had lost.

These genuine instances of the fatal effects of jealousy in the female sex, whether married or single, will, I trust, be read with interest by those who have not yet made the same false step. Man is proud, and will scarcely bear rebuke for real faults; but if he finds shackles attempted to be imposed on him, where he is conscious that he deserves to be free, every power of his mind is roused into action, to repel the unjust aggression; and the woman who is weak enough to think she can bind him by any cords, except those of love, will infallibly be convinced of her impotence as well as her imprudence.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE
OF
A SWISS CAPTAIN IN FRANCE.

A SWISS Captain of grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined, since Mars had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus; or, in other words, if he could not get a wife: and as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and very justly, that it was necessary his intended should have enough for them both. The Captain was one of those kind of heroes to whom the epithet of *hectoring blade* might readily be applied: he was nearly six feet high, wore a long sword, and fiercely-cocked hat: add to which, he was allowed to have the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he had belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his fore-finger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodomontade, of which he had a superfluity, is supposed to stand at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies.

Accordingly, after a little diligent attention, and artful inquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may well suppose a person with his views would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than three-and-twenty, with a good fortune; and, what was better still, her fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our Captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his

his point. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her superlative charms; and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and midriff, were burnt up, transfixed, and gnawed away. He who, in writing a song to his sweetheart, described his heart to be without "one drop of gravy, like an over-done mutton-chop," was a fool at a simile when compared to our hero.

One day, as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him of an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the Great Mogul, and present it to her divinityship, or suffer him to step and steal the Empress of China's enchanted slipper, or the Queen of Sheba's cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love, she, after a little hesitation, addressed him thus:

"The protestations which you daily make, Captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me there is nothing you would not do to oblige me: I therefore do not find much difficulty in telling you, I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you."

"Tell me, immaculate angel," cried our son of gunpowder; "tell me what it is: though, before you speak, be certain it is already done."

"Captain, replied the fair one, "I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease. It will not cost you five minutes' trouble. Yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, I should, from what I have observed, almost doubt of your compliance."

"Ah, Madam!" returned he, "wrong not your slave thus: deem it impossible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life, from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your behests. Speak! say! What, what must I perform?"

"Nay, for that matter, 'tis a mere trifle:—only to cut off your whiskers, Captain; that's all."

"Madam!

"Madam!—(Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the Captain's utter astonishment:)—My whiskers!—Cut off my whiskers!—Excuse me.—Cut off my whiskers!—Madam!—Any thing else—any thing that mind can, or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. But, for my whiskers, you must grant me a salvo there."

"And why so, good Captain? Surely any gentleman who had but the tythe of the passion you express, would not stand upon such a trifle?"

"A trifle, Madam!—My whiskers a trifle! No, Madam, no—my whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered, and like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople. My whiskers, Madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers."

"May be so, Sir: but if you marry me, you must cut them off."

"And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you, unless I part with my whiskers?"

"Never."

"Why then, Madam, farewell: I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine the Czarina, Empress of all the Russias, would make me King of the Calmucs: And so good morning to you."

Had all the young ladies in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered: they all have their whiskers; and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

SEQUEL

SEQUEL

TO THE

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

LADY OGILBY,

Inserted in our last Number.

That praise which from a flatterer we scorn,
When Justice guides the pen, must still adorn
The shrine of Virtue with illustrious rays,
More brilliant than the sun's effulgent blaze:
As round the head of OGILBY it twines,
Her worth and virtue more transcendent shines.
By *her example* may the sex be taught
To blend the secret purity of thought
With actions which exalt the female *name*,
And purchase for it—an *immortal fame!*

P.

CURIOSITY is allowed to be so prevailing a sentiment in the female bosom, that it must naturally have been excited by a desire to become acquainted with even the resemblance of a lady whose character appears in so truly amiable a light as that of the charming subject of these remarks. We were well aware that the Portrait should have accompanied the Memoir in our last Number, and offered our apology for the omission; but it now concerns us sincerely to have to add, that a disappointment on the part of the Engraver first employed, owing to a domestic misfortune, has obliged it to be at last very

hastily executed; without that high degree of finishing we are fully sensible the fine subject is so deserving of.

We trust the delay, which was unavoidable, will not only be pardoned, but the candid reason now assigned, be accepted as an excuse.

Though we have already infringed upon the usual space allotted to the Biographical part of our Publication, and though little can be added to increase that interest which the description of a character adorned with so many virtues must naturally inspire, yet we cannot suffer the Portrait of this lovely woman to make a public appearance, without affixing to it a few cursory remarks, which arise from contemplating a *youth* of innocence, adorned with virtues which would reflect honor upon the maturest age.

When we consider the trying misfortune this delicate creature was exposed to, at a time of life when she more peculiarly required the guidance of experience, to repel the soft emotions of a too susceptible heart; and when we behold her at the tender age of fifteen, with no guide, no monitor, but that of her own spotless bosom, the uncontrolled mistress of her actions; yet at that period preserving the true dignity of innate virtue, propriety, and decorum, without those auxiliaries which usually support girls of that age; our esteem insensibly becomes converted into admiration; we acknowledge a something we have not accustomed ourselves to contemplate, and we unhesitatingly pronounce Lady Ogilby a pattern for those who, in cultivating the arts of polished life, are desirous of preserving their native simplicity of aspect; and who, in adhering to Nature, may attain the highest degree of improvement, without losing any thing of the gentle softness, the tender apprehension, which should ever distinguish lovely woman, and perfect a character truly feminine.

Like gold trebly refined, the perfect character passes through the ordeal of those trials which most

affect the feelings and the heart, without losing any thing of its original value, but adding a hundred-fold to its purity and lustre.

It is true, there are some fine souls, as fine forms, wherein Nature has left but little for Art to accomplish; little more than the judicious disposition, and superficial polish of the diamond, whose value being intrinsically exquisite, possesses all its rare properties from Nature: but there is, notwithstanding, much more merit than we have room to expatiate upon, in not perverting her works.

Courted, as is Lady Ogilby's society, by those who are capable of justly appreciating its value, and of truly admiring those virtues it has been our province to describe, yet, not the flattering attentions which are imperceptibly paid to youth, worth, and loveliness, have been capable of drawing her from the domestic duties of a mother and a wife: and though she occasionally partakes of the amusements of this gay metropolis, they are merely considered as recreations; not converted into essentials, but as agreeable admixtures with the chief business of life.

The affectionate intercourse of congenial souls, affords an intellectual gratification, which the cold breast of apathy never experienced, and the selfish mind can but faintly conceive: but this enjoyment Lady Ogilby, doubtless, possesses in an eminent and refined degree: for those simple but elegant lines upon Connubial Happiness, are evidently the spontaneous effusions of a feeling heart. It is much to be lamented, that, in the higher circles of society, domestic happiness is but too generally considered as a secondary object of pursuit; whilst an ample jointure, and a splendid establishment, are magnets which too frequently attract the youthful heart. The subject of these remarks, however, has happily escaped this fashionable contagion; and to this may in some measure be attributed the exemplary tenor of her life; for in the society of her husband, she finds all that is

gratifying to a mind of sensibility; and she derives a secret satisfaction from faithfully performing all those duties which do honor to her heart, and evince the purity of her mind.

It is in the bosom of her family that Lady Ogilby appears adorned with the highest lustre; there she presents a truly admirable picture to our sight; the tenderest of mothers, the kindest of mistresses; the faithful friend, and one of the most exemplary of wives. In representing her Ladyship as a pattern worthy of imitation, we do not mean to infer, that she is not equalled by numbers, who, from not sufficiently reflecting, escape our observation; for we are well convinced, that this country abounds with female characters equally worthy of recorded praise; yet we cannot but enjoy a secret satisfaction in dwelling upon those virtues more immediately known to us.

The pen of the biographer ought always to be influenced by two motives. In that species of composition it is necessary that instruction and entertainment should be so happily combined, that, whilst curiosity is gratified by information, the example of virtue should appear sufficiently striking to make a permanent impression upon the mind. We have, therefore, felt a peculiar pleasure in exhibiting a lively *picture of female excellence*, pourtrayed by the undeviating hand of Truth, and scorning the degenerate practice of adulation, in which we have merely paid a just tribute to exalted worth.

Having, in our last Number, mentioned Lady Ogilby as possessing a pleasing poetic talent, and as we think our readers will be gratified by a sight of so interesting a female's composition, we shall conclude our last trait of her character, with a few lines extracted from those specimens which have come under our perusal, which, though not written with the view of ever being submitted to the public eye, evince a refinement and delicacy truly descriptive of the Passion of Love.

THE PASSION OF LOVE;

Written by LADY OGILBY, *in the Year* 180*.

LOVE sits enthron'd in the soft female breast,
And oft delights to steep her eyes in tears:
Plaintive and sweet the maid's celestial voice
Who the soft influence owns.
Close in the covert of the wood-bine bow'r
She loves to sit alone,
And pensive lean her cheek upon her hand,
Like a soft rose-leaf on the snow-drop's bell.
Languid she casts her love-informing eyes
Oft on the cypress sad, and willow green,
That wave their mournful heads o'er the steep banks
Of some wild, solitary, wand'ring stream,
That gently winds thro' unfrequented glades,
And murmurs, with a deep and soothing sadness,
Its soft responses to the throbbing heart.
The bird of night and she hold converse sweet;
One mourns a lost, and one an absent, love.
On the dear youth fond thought for ever dwells:
A love-knot, or a ringlet of his hair,
Are more than sceptres, thrones, or diadems.
Pure are her thoughts, for they are *all of Love!*
Meek pity, angel kindness, tender woe,
And all the pleasing train of gentle passions,
Possess her love-fraught breast:
The soft enchantment leads her captive soul;
And LOVE and VIRTUE in her bosom reign.

CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS;

Written on New Year's Day, 1806, *in the Fourth Year of my Marriage.*

O HAPPINESS! alone complete
In souls congenial join'd,
Whose eyes express, in converse sweet,
True unison of mind!

The torch of Hymen gilds each hour
With an increasing ray;
And Love defies Time's chilling pow'r
To check his potent sway.

O! how can language tell the bliss
Where two such hearts agree?
O! how describe?—O! yes, it is
To live belov'd like me!

SKETCHES OF EDUCATION.

[From an unknown Author.]

ERGASTUS is now to be brought home from his nurse, and to be under his father's tuition, till he is old enough to be sent to a boarding school; by which means it was said, the clownish gestures, the low-lived thoughts, contracted at Betty's, would soon be rubbed off. There might be something in this; but, though the boy is at home, he is kept far enough from the apartments. You are not to suppose, however, that he is without the knowledge of his having a father and mother; that there are such persons, is a tradition which he holds from his nurse, connected in his mind with circumstances almost as awful as those in which she was accustomed to paint to him the vault which contains the ashes of his more distant ancestors. Instead of flying to their arms, or climbing upon his father's knees, he feels more aversion than longing, to be introduced to them. But has he then never seen them? Oh, yes, on new-year's day, and a few other holidays. Betty's interest made the custom of presenting him be carefully kept up, and much exercise the child had in repeating the starched compliment with which he was to accost them; so that when the day arrived, the little stranger entered his father's gates with the awe with which he would have approached a temple; and the introduction to his parents, who sat in solemn state to receive him, and the ceremony of saying in form, the words Betty had taught him, seemed the worship paid to the deities of the place.

Well, but it is now high time to take him from the care of the women, and he must know his father better, under whose eye he will retrieve all the errors of his education at Betty's: But, alas! how short is this period! for he is immediately to take leave, and to set out, on a ten years banishment at least,

to

to some boarding-school. Can parents possibly think that this is the sum of all their duty? Is it not wonderful, that Nature does not protest against so barbarous a separation? But I blame them unthinkingly; their proceeding is highly commendable; yes, there is no way for such fathers and mothers to keep children in a state of due respect to themselves, but by letting them know as little of them as possible; for what could their little minds think of the state in which they see their father and mother live towards each other?

Ergastus, too, perceives his father to be a drunkard, a gamester; to be passionate and profane: what strange reflections then must crowd upon him! it is prudent, therefore, to keep his son at a distance: but, every place is full of men; and though he is sent away to school, there the vices of his schoolfellows, and, perhaps, even those of his master, will graft themselves upon his own stock: what a compound of corruption will he then turn out! and when, in the intervals of reflection, he is led to blush at himself, will he think himself under any great obligation to his father?

Philemon obtained the consent of Ismena, after a tedious courtship, to be his bride. The match was no sooner concluded on, than a son, to build up the family, became the common wish of both: though Ismena so prudently concealed her desire, and blushed so prettily when the subject was mentioned, that it could only be concluded she had such a desire, because it was natural: Philemon, on the other hand, was dunning every one's ears with his.

On the wedding-day, parents, relations, friends, and neighbours, crowded upon the new couple, to testify their wishes for a son: the mammas and aunts belonging to the family could hardly stay till the morrow to have the nativity calculated. The youthful pair, following the dictates of nature, find, at length,

length, their desires improve into hope; every symptom, however doubtful, is carefully inquired after, and such as seem to confirm it, reported with inconceivable joy. But—what an intolerable time is six or seven months yet to come, to wait for this dear son (if it should prove a son) who is designed for such exalted views!

This son, who seemed to be the supreme wish both of father and mother, at last comes into the world; and, after all this wishing, is no sooner born, than he is most unnaturally sent out of his father's house. However, being weaned, he is permitted to return. We are now anxious to see what sort of governess is to be provided for this precious little master! Susan, a poor tenant's daughter, born upon the estate of a neighbouring 'squire, was first introduced into the kitchen; but discovering, in her humble situation, a turn for intrigue, which might have become her betters, she soon became necessary to her lady, and was exalted to attend at the toilette. In this situation, having learned by rote, some of the phrases of the literati who visited in the family, hearing that Philemon and Ismena wanted a governess for their son, puts in for the place, and is so powerfully recommended by her lady, that she succeeds in her application. How wonderfully must he improve in such hands!

Having entered his eighth year, he is taken from her, with his mind filled with trash, bug-bears, and spectres, and his memory stuffed with most idle, trifling stories: however, he has been taught to lisp out his prayers; and it must be owned, that, with very little hesitation, he can tell his right hand from his left; kisses it very smartly by way of thanks, and bows gracefully. A notable beginning of the education of a child, who, in his parents' views, is to fill the highest departments of the state! But every subsequent period is to rectify all the errors of the preceding. His age now requires a tutor: among

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the number of indigent scholars who offer themselves, he is the man who rates his talents the lowest; a creature whose chief merit is in his hand, and who, while he makes learning a trade to himself, his injudicious management makes it a yoke to his pupil. Without taste to relish their beauties, or skill to present them in an alluring form, he sets the youth's mind against the sciences; he darkens his reason, shackles his understanding, and labours to transfuse into him his own ignorance, stupidity, and prejudices.

Cleanthus has a delicious fruit-garden, where every tree has the situation allotted it most congenial to its nature; or, in the language of gardeners, has its best *exposure;* but double attention is to be paid to a curious peach-tree which has been sent him. As the peach loves the south, twenty fine apple-trees are laid low, lest any of them should intercept a beam from the new favorite. Well, it not only lives, but adorns the succeeding summer with its beauteous blossoms, and enriches the ensuing autumn with its delicious fruits.

Cleanthus, at his return to his seat, rejoices at the sight of the lovely tree; visits it morning and night, gazing upon it, as if his looks, like the sun, could ripen its fruit. At length favoring seasons, and the "skiey influences," have brought it to perfection. He first gathers one, and opening it with anxiety, eats it with a serious air, and then cries out in ecstasy, "What taste and flavor! Never, surely, was a finer peach!" He resolves that none but his chosen friends shall know what a treasure he possesses. The compliments he receives from them seem to improve its exquisite relish. What pleasure, what gratification is here derived from a single peach, liable, in all its pride, to be destroyed by an accidental blast!

How is Cleanthus taken up about this peach-tree, the present of a friend, who probably would have thought no more about it, whether it died or flourished,

rished, or would have inquired, or held Cleanthus any way accountable, whatever had been its fate! He has a son, for whose soul he is answerable to his Creator, and for his behaviour to his country. What *exposure* has been chosen for him? His own virtues, and those of his acquaintance, should ripen the heart of his child, and every thing be cut down, which may hinder the beams of good example from reaching him. Only, Cleanthus, deal with him as you did with your peach-tree; be as early, and continue as long, with him. Your all-powerful looks alone will ripen his reason: the season is come; already you are enraptured with the pleasant flavor of his excellent disposition; already your friends begin to congratulate your felicity. Compare the satisfaction to be hence derived with the nectareous juice of your peach; is it any thing to the joy of having placed that precious shoot, your son, in a nutritive soil, and favorable situation, where he may acquire a still richer taste, and more exquisite flavor?

Masters of all sorts are to be found every where; masters in languages, masters in natural philosophy, masters of geometry and geography; and as for dancing and music-masters, they are so encouraged, that they swarm every where: but, where shall we find masters for manners, for the severer branches of virtue?

Alcippus needs no governess for his son; he takes upon himself the forming of his heart, and moulding of his temper; he takes care to be an eye-witness of his proficiency, he transfuses his own noble and generous principles into his mind. Thus, Alcippus, your son will be a great man; the well-earned reputation of your ancestors will be kept up, and you shall never have cause to blush for him, or yourself, on his account. How am I delighted to see you every morning bestowing an hour in tutoring him! This is to be a father, and you will soon see the fruits of such exemplary attention.

Good

Good education, and good example, are like entailed inheritances, descending from father to son; and the only infallible method of conveying them from the one to the other, is by that instruction which lies in the power of a parent: if parents are virtuous, children are easily brought to take the same cast; if they are under the dominion of passion, a child's unguarded heart presently gives admission to it.

Your son, Alcippus, is now in his seventh year; he is the hope of your family, the heir of a great name, and, to maintain that with proper dignity, even all your virtues are not too many. Instead of sending him to school, continue what you have so happily begun; let not one parsimonious thought about his education seduce you: retrench expense in what relates to your fashionable establishment, rather than spare in providing a tutor for your son: continue, yourself, the invaluable morning hour ten years longer; daily give yourself the pleasure of observing his progress in learning and virtue.

The foundation of honor and prosperity in future life is laid in the first years.

Philippus rushes out of his apartment with the rapidity of a whirlwind, springs at one step from the top of the stairs to the bottom, and throws himself headlong into his coach: his pair of bloods fly along like the wind: it is dangerous to come in his way; and he is no sooner past, than out of sight. But why should we blame him, till we know the cause? Probably a rich uncle draws near his end, and is giving directions to his lawyer about his will, and construes his nephew's absence into pride and disrespect. Or, he has received certain information that a dear friend is waylaid by assassins, and will have begun his journey, perhaps, before his utmost speed can reach him. Nothing, nothing of these kinds. He alights at Tattersall's; and all this hurry is to see a new horse put in training, and to bargain about the price of breaking. It is no trifling sum which is demand-

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ed for six month's management: the bargain, however, is soon made; for Philippus scorns to appear mean on such an occasion, and before such associates.

Now let us cast an eye upon the state of things at home: there is seen a raw pedant lording it over his son, nipping every natural good disposition in the bud, and checking the warmth of every generous and noble feeling. Philip, thou lovest thy horse better than thy son!

On the Employment of Time, and of Indolence, particularly as respecting the State at large.

BY DR. FRANKLIN.

ALL that live, must be subsisted. Subsistence costs something. He that is industrious, produces, by his industry, something that is an equivalent, and pays for his subsistence; he is therefore no charge or burden to society. The indolent are an expense uncompensated.

There can be no doubt but all kinds of employment, that can be followed without prejudice from interruptions, work that can be taken up and laid down often in a day, without damage, (such as spinning, knitting, weaving, &c.) are highly advantageous to a community; because in them may be collected all the produce of those fragments of time that occur in family business, between the constant and necessary parts of it, that usually occupy females, as the time between rising and preparing the breakfast, between breakfast and preparing for dinner, &c. &c. The amount of all these fragments is, in the course of a year, very considerable to a single family; to a state proportionably. Highly profitable, therefore, it is in this case, to follow that divine direction, *Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.* Lost time is lost subsistence; it is therefore lost treasure.

Besides, the labour due to the public by each individual, not being performed by the indolent, must naturally fall to the share of others, who must thereby suffer.

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THE STORY OF THE PRINCE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

PHILANDER, Dorantes, and Palemon, three young men, not distinguished either by superior understandings, or much sensibility, during their travels to remote countries, landed on the beautiful Island of Cedars, situated among the wild regions of the kingdom of Fancy. Allured by the inviting charms of a calm summer's evening, they determined to make a circuit through that part of the country where Nature appeared to have spread her most delightful scenery. Charmed with the novelty of their situation, with smiling countenances, and elevated spirits, they wandered arm in arm through the romantic vallies. The spot they had chosen was secluded: they met with but few of the inhabitants, and the farther they penetrated, the more retired was the country. They still walked onwards, till at length, the scene, but for themselves, had been intirely solitary, when, as they passed a thicket, there issued forth a frightful and mis-shapen figure of a man. He raised his sunk head from his bosom, and it rested against the high protuberance on his back: then from the shadow of his thick bushy brows, he glanced his eyes on our gay travellers; but soon turning from them, and taking the path they were going, walked composedly on before.

"Are we three Gullivers," cried Philander, in a loud voice, "arrived in the kingdom of Lilliput?" "No, no," exclaimed Dorantes, laughing, "we are certainly in the kingdom of Deformity, and yonder walks the Sovereign!" "Hark ye, my little governor," cried Palemon, "at what price may we supply ourselves with a cushion to lean our heads against?" "Ah, bravo!" said Dorantes; "'tis a convenient pillow, by Jupiter!"

Many other speeches of the same nature as these, were uttered by the young travellers, to all of which the little figure deigned no sign of notice. They kept pace, however, with him a considerable time; all the while pursuing him with insulting language, till suddenly, to their no small admiration, a flight of beautiful doves rushed from a cluster of trees, and fluttered round the deformed man, evincing every sign of joy at his appearance: one perched on his shoulder; another on his extended hand; and all seemed eager and contentious with each other, for the marks of favour which he bestowed among them. The little figure crossed the path, and, surrounded by the doves, was soon hid amidst the embowering trees.

Our travellers were expressing their surprise at this extraordinary sight, when a loud halloo was heard; and in a few moments after, several fierce-looking ruffians rushed upon them with drawn scimitars. "Mercy! mercy!" cried Dorantes. "Be satisfied; we will give you all we have." "Yes, and then inform against us," answered one of the robbers. "No, no, master; we will secure your silence." They were then proceeding to execute their infernal purpose; but the cries of the young men brought again from the trees, the deformed figure. The arms of the robbers were at once suspended, and they gazed with a look of attention and reverence! "Preserve the lives of those young men," said he, addressing them with a firm voice, and emphatic manner.

"Is it your desire?" inquired one of the robbers.

"Yes, my earnest desire."

"Then they are free," cried the robber. "Nor will we plunder them of any thing. The banditti of the forest, the violators of all law, bow before the virtues of the injured Calan!"

Thus speaking, he rushed into a deep forest, followed

lowed by his ruffian associates. Our travellers, struck with a sense of shame and remorse for their past conduct, slowly turned to thank their deliverer, but he was gone.

"He must be a very wonderful man," cried Philander.

"How could you, Philander," said Palemon, "how could you call after him so rudely?"

"That's high enough, by Juno," answered Philander angrily: "when yourself and Dorantes more than seconded me."

"This is no time for disputes," observed Dorantes. "Let us return; we know not how many gangs of banditti may inhabit these forests."

They then turned, but by some means lost the path by which they came, and their endeavours to find it tended but the more to bewilder them. The darkness now deepened, and they repented having so foolishly prolonged their walk, when, to increase their perplexity, the wind began to rise; black clouds gathered around; and large drops of rain, betokening a storm, fell. They ran for a considerable way in search of a shelter, fearing to avail themselves of that which the forest trees afforded, as Dorantes either heard, or fancied he heard, the howling of wild beasts among them. At length they stopped at the foot of a large mountain, beneath a projecting part of which they found a shelter. The storm had by this time increased almost to a hurricane, our travellers were drenched to the skin; the rain poured down in sheets, and the vivid lightning gleamed horrid across the black sky.

"Oh, Heaven!" cried Dorantes, hiding his eyes, "the lightning will blind us."

"What shall we do?" cried Philander. "We must perish here: we shall never escape from this horrid wilderness!"

At this moment a rumbling noise was heard in the mountain, and they distinctly heard a man's voice.

"Heavens! the mountain is inhabited by banditti!" exclaimed Dorantes, starting up: "hasten, hasten, for our lives!" Palemon and Philander listened in consternation; but fearing again to encounter the storm, they stood hesitating, till, to their further amazement, a door in the mountain was flung open, and a man, with a light in his hand, stood before them. He evinced signs of surprise at the sight of our travellers. "How came you here, young men?" said he.

"We are strangers on this island," answered Dorantes. "We came to survey the country; but have lost our way, and, pelted by the storm, have flown hither for shelter."

"My Lord, the Prince, is retired for the night," answered the man; "but I will act what I know would be his pleasure. Come in, young men; dry yourselves, and repose from your fatigue; and to-morrow a guide from hence shall conduct you to your homes." The travellers thanked the young man, and half fearing, half wondering, followed him into the mountain. From an elegant hall they descended a flight of stairs, which led to an extensive and well-furnished apartment. "Dry your cloaths, and I will prepare you refreshment," said the young man. While they were drinking together, Dorantes, who felt persuaded, by the magnificent appearance of every thing he beheld around him, that they were not in a dwelling of banditti, thus addressed their entertainer.

"I cannot but express my amazement that a dwelling so magnificent, should be found in the hollow of a mountain. Who can chuse this for the place of his residence? A gloomy mountain, situated among forests, infested by banditti!"

"It is not a residence of choice, but of necessity," answered the young man. "The Prince Calan dwells here; the unfortunate, the banished Calan; the glory, the delight, of the inhabitants of the Island of Cedars!" "The

"The delight of the inhabitants, and yet banished!" inquired Dorantes.

"Yes," replied the young man; "the delight of the inhabitants, and banished. You are strangers, you have never heard his story." (At this moment the little figure darted across the minds of the travellers; they recollected the robbers had addressed him by the name of Calan. Again they repented their rude conduct, and silently looking on each other, wished they might be mistaken in their conjectures.) "No," cried Dorantes, "we have never heard his story."

They then requested the narration.

"I will impart it to you," answered the young man. "I have the happiness and the honour to be his confidential servant; and have quitted the treacherous court, to dwell a recluse in this mountain, with a master so beloved.

"Prince Calan was twin brother with Valmon; both sons of Zurah, our Sovereign. Valmon was possessed of an elegant person, but a deformed mind; Calan of a deformed figure, but a beautiful soul. Conscious of his personal defects, with a mind fraught with sentiments of the most refined sensibility, society (very few of the pleasures of which he could partake) became wearisome to him, and he seldom appeared in public, but on ceremonial occasions, when his presence could not well be dispensed with; and even then it was with reluctance that he appeared: but the noble mind of Calan remained not inactive; the pleasure of doing good, of conferring happiness, and being contemplated as a benefactor, he would often say, with a benignant smile, yet remained with him. From every corner of the King's dominions, the children of poverty and oppression flew to him: none solicited in vain; Calan relieved their necessities; Calan redressed their wrongs. All retired invoking blessings on the head of Calan. The fame of Calan extended beyond the

realm; his name was adored; his very person idolized: he was contemplated through his actions, which cast a lustre around him: his deformities were hid in their radiance; and Calan became alike the darling both of the King and his subjects.

While Calan was thus unconsciously increasing his popularity, and chaining the hearts of the public to his virtues, Valmon, corrupted from infancy by flatteries, and vain to the extreme, of a person, the charms of which the courtiers and the ladies exaggerated, grew up with a mind as depraved as his person was attractive. Rank procured him respect from the virtuous, and self-interest drew forth the ready applauses of the sordid; but no spontaneous effusion of gratitude, no heart-felt welcome, hailed the approach of the vain and haughty Prince.

"Our aged Monarch at length fell sick. Valmon reared his head in expectation; while Calan, dissolved in tears, soothed the departing spirit of his dying parent by the tenderest attentions."

"My sons are most dear to me," said the dying Monarch: "both came into this world of affliction together. My subjects shall therefore have their choice of a Sovereign between them; they shall decide which shall reign after me." Calan declared he wished not to reign; that to him a private station was far preferable. Valmon dared not to murmur; but his countenance became clouded: he had been regarded as the heir, yet knew the virtues of Calan had constituted him the idol of the people. But ere this question could be proposed to the subjects of Zurah, the Monarch breathed his last. Valmon, his courtiers, and their partizans, plotted together their dark designing schemes, while the affectionate Calan was mourning his beloved parent.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ADVENTURES

ADVENTURES OF DOLIGNY.

[From the French of M. FLORIAN.]

PERFECTION is not the lot of human nature, however it may be pourtrayed by the hand of Fancy. It is with pain that we perceive in the most virtuous characters, shades of error, which, without strenuous exertion, may assume the dark hue of vice: and, on the other side, we behold persons of loose manners, and profligate dispositions, thrown, by a chain of unforeseen events, into situations which awaken them to a sense of their misconduct, and call forth their dormant virtues.

Doligny was a young man possessed of extraordinary talents, insinuating manners, and prepossessing appearance; and descended from one of the best families in Flanders. Having yielded, without caution, to the torrent of dissipation which surrounded him, till the extravagance of his conduct excited the resentment and reproaches of his parents, he formed the imprudent resolution of quitting his paternal roof, to avoid that severity which his folly had caused to take place of the indulgence with which he had hitherto been treated, and increased the enormity of his transgression, by appropriating to his own use, a considerable sum which his father had entrusted to his care for other purposes. His flight was so well planned and executed, that he had little to fear, and travelled through France at his ease, while his money lasted. He found friends to encourage his prodigality wherever he went; and females whose favor gratified his vanity, and gave an irresistible charm to the illusions, which gradually involved him in shame and ruin. But the diminution of his finances diminished also his pleasures; his friends dropped off one by one; his fair favorites no longer received him with smiles; his domestics insulted and abandoned him; and he was regarded as a needy adventurer

turer by the tavern-keepers whose exorbitant charges had helped to pillage the credulous, thoughtless Doligny. He quitted one place but to suffer fresh indignities in another; and, to complete the horrors of his situation, he learnt that his profligacy had broken his mother's heart, and drawn from his afflicted father a dreadful vow of irreconcileable enmity.

The eyes of Doligny were now opened to all the misery and disgrace of his situation: he regretted too late, that he had suffered himself to be deluded from his duty by specious appearances, and cursed the ingratitude of mankind to as little purpose. Lamentations, he found, would avail little; and his situation was become so deplorable, that it was necessary to form some decided plan for his future conduct. In this extremity he had but one course to pursue. Of trade or commerce he was wholly ignorant; and in the army only could he expect to gain a subsistence. Painful as it was to him to enter in a subordinate situation, where rank and fortune would once have entitled him to command, he had no alternative; his folly had left no means to support his pride; and, with the agonizing feelings of shame and self-reproach, he entered as a volunteer in a regiment of infantry. The hardships to which this novel way of life exposed him, gave rise to the most painful reflections. The daily humiliations he experienced, were of more advantage to him than all the pleasures of his prosperous days: he looked back on them with sensations none can feel, or accurately describe, who have not, in reality, experienced a similar reverse of fortune, who have neglected to make a good use of the blessings which once surrounded them. Such may feel the misery of Doligny: others can only be warned by his example. The insufficiency of his pay reduced him to the necessity of stooping to many servile employments in the regiment; and, under the name of Verdure, he submitted to indignities which the proud Doligny would have scorned; and at the

age of nineteen, he possessed the experience of thirty; experience for which he had paid the sad price of happiness and reputation. By degrees his situation improved; his superiority over his comrades was not unnoticed by them; and his conciliating manners gained him their good-will. It was soon discovered that he had received an extraordinary education; and when he found it impossible to conceal this advantage, he laudably determined to make the best possible use of it, and to avoid, as far as was in his power, a relapse into his former levities. He devoted those hours of leisure which his duty allowed, to the education of his comrades' children; and he felt his mind amused by the occupation. A Doligny could never be the pot-house companion of a common soldier, and from better society his present situation fortunately excluded him; and thus he became acquainted with himself, and the vanity of those pleasures which are so falsely estimated by the world. In the rational employment which now engaged Doligny, he found both pleasure and profit. In forming the minds of youth, he corrected the errors which had cost him so dear: and the high reputation for learning he gained in his new avocation, obtained him so many scholars, that he found it necessary to stipulate for a small gratuity, which was cheerfully complied with by each parent; and Verdure, by a system of strict economy, saved up sufficient to furnish him with many comforts which his imprudence had so lately deprived him of. The sobriety and regularity with which he now conducted himself, drew the attention of his officers, and they expressed their satisfaction in the most flattering terms. Their approbation stimulated Verdure to more determined perseverance, and his prospects brightened insensibly. The senior of the regiment addressed him with kindness, and mitigated the rigours of his duty; and the young men treated him with that condescending familiarity, which softens the severity of dependence, and, in the warm grateful heart of our hero, produced the most salutary effects. Thus

Thus tranquil, if not happy, Verdure passed the first year of his service, looking upon his present degradation as the just punishment of his former misconduct. The high estimation in which he was held in the regiment, at length induced the commanding officer to place an unusual degree of confidence in him. He one day called him, and, after regarding him with the keenest scrutiny, said, "Verdure, I have heard surprising accounts of you from my officers: I wish not to pry into your secrets, but as it is pretty evident you are by birth entitled to higher rank in society than that which you at present fill, I think it my duty to do my best for you: I therefore make you a serjeant; and will furnish you with a sum with which I wish you to raise a certain number of recruits. I know you to be a young man of talents and address: if you conduct yourself to my satisfaction in this undertaking, you may depend on my further favor." Verdure, touched by this kindness, expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms; acknowledged that his own imprudence had involved him in difficulties; but that it should be his endeavour to wipe away the disgrace he had brought on himself, by the proper regulation of his future behaviour. Then, without making himself known to his officer, respectfully withdrew.

Verdure, notwithstanding all his irregularities, possessed a degree of integrity, which prevented his abusing the trust reposed in him; and he formed a resolution to acquit himself with honor in his present employ. His prospects were brightening; the army seemed now his destination for life; and promotion and glory seemed to appear at no great distance, when an unlooked-for event changed the train of his ideas, and overthrew all his newly-formed plans. Paris being judged by our hero the place most likely to suit his purpose, thither he repaired with a well-furnished purse, and in a dress which shewed his fine person to advantage. Nature had, indeed, bestowed

stowed on him manly beauty in more than common profusion: his voice was touching, his deportment gracefully elegant, and persuasion itself was ever in his accents. It is not to be wondered at, that Verdure found little difficulty in accomplishing his purpose; and not only ignorant clowns engaged in the service, but young men of superior advantages, charmed by the affability of his address, looked up to him as a model, and were happy to serve with such a comrade. Verdure was indefatigable in his researches, and regulated his finances with such economy, that the number he engaged far exceeded that demanded by his officer; and he was preparing to return, exulting in his success, to the garrison, when a young man, of fine figure, and robust appearance, applied to him for the bounty, and expressed his desire to serve. Verdure, glad to obtain such an addition to his stock, readily promised the sum, with an additional reward for his spirit. The youth burst into tears, and grasping his hand, exclaimed, "Oh, Sir! it is not my spirit you should applaud: a soldier's life is my abhorrence: it is to save a parent from perishing, that I have thus done violence to my own inclinations. Could you but witness our domestic misery!!"—"Hush, hush," said Verdure, closing his purse, which he had already in his hand; "we must not be rash: step into this house with me, and we can arrange the business at our ease." The young man followed in silent astonishment; and, over a glass of wine, related the misfortunes of his family. "My mother, Sir, though at present but a poor laundress in this city, was a creditable tradesman's daughter. My father was the youngest son of a numerous family, and consequently his inheritance was but slender. It was the intention of his parents to establish him in trade; but it was his misfortune to be passionately fond of theatrical amusements, and vanity led him to make a trial of his own abilities. His first attempt being successful, every other occupation

pation was rejected with disgust; and my father, after making himself the talk of Paris for a season, was content to sink into a third-rate performer. It was in the zenith of his glory, that he captivated my mother, and, heedless of the consequence, married her! As the extravagant life he led soon exhausted their scanty finances, embarrassments of a most distressing nature succeeded the transient dream of perpetual happiness. To enumerate their difficulties would be tedious; they were such as are generally the result of hasty, imprudent alliances. My mother was an excellent housewife, and did all in her power to avert the calamities which her husband's thoughtless levity threatened to bring on their heads, and to educate her infant children in early habits of industry and frugality. Not to tire you, Sir, with a tedious narrative, her efforts were unavailing, and my father ended his days in a prison! My poor mother, destitute and friendless, was obliged to labor for the support of two unprotected babes, who, now arrived at mature years, endeavour to repay her tender cares by their most grateful love, and assiduous endeavours to preserve her declining years from penury. As a laundress, my mother has hitherto contrived to earn a decent maintenance. My sister is able to assist her; and I have taken the most laborious part of the business upon myself: yet misfortune still pursues us. A long and severe illness, which afflicted my poor mother, has rendered her incapable of her usual employ; and the expenses attending her illness has bereft us of every comfort we possessed. It was on this account, Sir, I engaged with you. I cannot bear to see my aged mother in want of necessaries. A few louis, your promised bounty, will make them comfortable; and I shall be in a way of providing for myself." The young man ceased; and Verdure, with a benevolent smile, said, "It must not be. Here is the money, take it to your mother; and think no more of deserting her, while it is in your power to lighten

lighten her labor, or give her comfort by your presence. Leave your address with me, and I will call in a day or two, and see if we cannot arrange matters so as to better her condition." Led away by the enthusiasm of the moment, the warm-hearted Doligny forgot that he was then but a poor serjeant; that the gold which glistened in his purse, was not his own; and that he was raising fallacious hopes, while he had nothing to bestow. Claude, animated with joy, kissed the hand of his benefactor, and hastened home eagerly, to relate what an angel he had met with. A few minutes reflection brought our hero to his right understanding. He counted over his remaining cash, made an accurate account of his expenditures, and found that in this instance, his prudence afforded him the delightful gratification of doing a praise-worthy action. "Alas! (said he mentally,) what sums have I not lavished away in follies, I may even say, vices, which have left, instead of pleasure, shame and goading remorse behind! This is the first act I have ever committed, which bears reflection. Doligny! Doligny! let it not be the last." Occupied in these thoughts, he reached the cellar which Claude had described to be the abode of the aged Janette. While descending the steps, his progress was retarded by the most harmonious tones he had ever heard. A female voice was chanting a hymn of gratitude to the Virgin; and the young soldier stood in breathless extacy till the strain was ended. Curiosity now succeeded to admiration, and Verdure hurried forward with precipitation. His abruptness alarmed the inmates of this humble habitation; and, in a voice of terror, the trembling Jacqueline demanded what he wanted? No sooner was his name pronounced, than he beheld at his feet the most lovely young creature in the world, who breathed, in softest accents, her joy and gratitude. Then rising with peculiar grace, she led him to the bed-side of her sick parent, and pointing

to her wan features, burst into tears, and would again have prostrated herself before him. Verdure gently restrained her, and regarded her with astonishment. The entrance of Claude interrupted this interesting scene; and Verdure, to relieve the blushing Jacqueline, began to discourse on indifferent subjects. Among the rest, he took courage to enquire how Jacqueline obtained so much knowledge of his favorite science, as to sing in such a superior style. In answer to this, Claude informed him, that a great Countess had taken a liking to her when a child, and had bestowed much care on her voice: that it was her wish to have adopted her, and have taken her to Italy; but Jacqueline, in refusing to leave her infirm mother, had given offence, and deprived herself for ever of this great lady's favor. This amiable trait in the character of Jacqueline, completed her triumph over the heart of Verdure; and the unaffected modesty with which she received his compliments, charmed him. In this delightful society the hours passed away unperceived. The mean cellar was a drawing-room to Verdure; for Grace and Beauty presided, and neat Simplicity was beheld in every object around. Jacqueline was equally prepossessed in favor of the stranger: his ardent regards pleased, while they embarrassed her; and she could not conceal her agitation when he requested permission to repeat his visit. This, however, propriety compelled Jacqueline to refuse; alledging, that, to avoid scandal, they lived wholly retired, wishing to be unknown, and unnoticed. Verdure, however, urged his request too anxiously to admit of a determined refusal, without their incurring the imputation of ingratitude; and used his privilege with so much discretion, that Slander, with her hundred tongues, had not a word to say. During this agreeable intimacy, the circumspect behaviour of Jacqueline increased the esteem of Verdure. He was not so blind, but that he could perceive he was not beheld with indifference;

difference; and Jacqueline he found too virtuous, too amiable, to admit of his forming one licentious thought. To marry her was his determination; for the idea of a separation was torture to him: but how was this to be done, without overthrowing all his long-cherished hopes? Jacqueline, he well knew, would not quit her mother. The old woman could not be removed; and he shuddered at the thought of exposing such a young and beautiful creature to the observation of his military associates. This suspense was terminated by the sweet smiles of Jacqueline, when they next met. He made an immediate declaration of his sentiments and wishes. The timid girl heard his professions with unconcealed pleasure; yet, with the utmost generosity of disposition, reminded him of her indigent and obscure station; begging him to think no more of one so much beneath him; one who could scarcely hope to afford him happiness equal to what his known merits might entitle him to expect. Verdure laughed at her scruples, and assured her, he was nothing more than a perfumer's son, and entirely her equal; adding such soft persuasion, as the fond Jacqueline found to be irresistible.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

IN the western expedition of 1758, against the French in America, General Forbes, who commanded it, was, by his infirmities, reduced so low as to be taken up in a litter. The Indians, who saw him, were astonished that a warrior could not walk: this so disgusted them at their commander, that they remonstrated against him. Their old friend, Col. Weiser, to appease them, made this sagacious reply: "This man is so terrible in war, that we are obliged to confine him, and let him write his orders; for if he was let loose on the world, he would deluge it with blood."

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

Upon the Misfortune of Hereditary Insanity.

[Concluded from Page 262.]

DURING this trying scene for my friend, I was unfortunately absent from England. The medical gentlemen who attended Eliza, gave it as their opinion, that her senses were for ever gone; and, upon hearing this agonizing intelligence, the wretched husband sent an express to the celebrated Dr. M—. Distant as the situation was from London, yet, at the request of Henry, Doctor M— came down, accompanied by a female, under whose care the ill-fated Eliza was placed. My friend, who had hitherto filled the double capacity of physician and nurse, was strictly enjoined never to appear in the poor maniac's presence, or in the slightest degree to interfere. In vain Henry promised obedience to these injunctions: for, to deprive himself of the sight of an object on whom his heart so fondly doated, was a restraint he could not bear; and, in spite of the watchful Cerberus who guarded the lovely sufferer, he frequently contrived to steal up stairs. This infringement upon the orders given by the physician was communicated to him by the channel of the post; and my friend was informed by the same conveyance, that, unless the method the Doctor had pointed out was strictly attended to, he should no longer consider the patient under his care; as the only chance there was of restoring her senses, depended upon her mind being kept in an unagitated state; and that an emotion of pleasure might prove as dangerous in its consequences, as the transition to pain.

The woman to whose care Eliza had been intrusted, had a sister who resided about twenty miles from the house of my friend, and from the moment of her arrival

arrival in Gloucestershire, had exerted all the arts of persuasion, to induce him to remove the patient there; alledging a variety of rational reasons for urging him to comply with this plan. Upon finding, by Doctor M—'s letter, that the restoration of his Eliza's faculties in a great measure depended upon depriving himself of her sight, he immediately agreed to the nurse's proposal; and she was removed to a solitary farm-house, accompanied by this Argus, who might more properly be called a fiend. About six weeks after the adoption of this measure, the death of a near relation occasioned my unexpected return to my native land; and as soon as I had transacted the business which had been the means of recalling me, I set off for Gloucestershire, with the view of consoling my afflicted friend. What a change had a few short months produced in the companion of my childhood! His person was so altered, that I scarcely knew him again. He could not even bear to mention the name of his Eliza, without bursting into a flood of tears. His children, who had once constituted the greater part of his felicity, he then appeared to behold with a kind of inward dread: and, upon remarking to him this singular alteration in his manners, "I never see them (said he) without reproaching myself for the curse I have brought upon their innocent heads: and I now pray as fervently for their dissolution, as I once did for the preservation of their precious healths!"

Finding the mind of poor Henry reduced to this pitiable situation, I carefully avoided mentioning the name of the innocent cause of his distress: but, impelled by that commiseration which Eliza's misfortune had occasioned, I resolved to visit her, without hinting my intention to my friend. I arose, therefore, with the lark, and mounting my horse, in about a couple of hours arrived within sight of the farm-house; and perceiving a rosy damsel with a pair of milk-pails upon her shoulders, I enquired whether a

lady of the name of T— did not lodge some where near. The girl instantly answered in the affirmative, in a sympathising tone of voice, and with an expressive shake of the head; which confirmed me in the opinion, that the unfortunate Eliza was most inhumanly used. I had conjectured this from a few hints thrown out by one of Henry's servants, and it induced me to resolve to visit the poor sufferer in her solitary retreat; and, upon making farther enquiries of my ingenuous companion, I found she was servant to the woman with whom Eliza lodged. Upon assuring her that I would not betray the confidence reposed in me, and promising to reward her liberally if she told me the truth, the artless girl, with tears of sympathy, related a tale of cruelty which harrowed up my soul!

That lovely form on which the winds of Heaven were scarcely suffered to blow roughly, was, by the inhuman tyrant to whose care she was committed, confined for hours together, without being able to move a joint; and these infernal bands were made so tight, that every limb was lacerated; and to this act of cruelty, stripes were added, if she ventured to complain.

My blood boiled within me as I listened to this appalling narration. But as I wished to receive ocular demonstration, before I proceeded to extremities, it was necessary to act with precaution and care; and, after consulting with my informer by what means I should be likely to obtain the proof I wanted, she advised me to place myself near the window of Eliza's apartment, where I could discern what was going forward without being observed. The room fortunately was upon the ground floor, and the window was in part shaded by the dark foliage of a yew-tree. By the advice of my humane companion, I left my horse at a public house about half a mile distant from this infernal mansion, and entered the garden by a small gate which opened into a narrow lane.

lane. My passions were wound up almost to a state of phrenzy: I could have annihilated this monster in human shape, without thinking I had been guilty of any crime, when, upon reaching the spot to which I had been directed, I beheld her, with savage barbarity, forcing a liquid down the sufferer's throat. Upon her refusing to swallow the obnoxious beverage, the wretch instantly fixed a wedge between her teeth, which extended the jaws to a width which appeared frightful, and must have occasioned the most excruciating pain.

I sprang from my place of concealment with impetuous swiftness, and darting into the apartment, grasped the wretch by the arm. "Monster! (I exclaimed,) may the vengeance of the Almighty overtake you! May every evil that can fall to the lot of human nature, light upon that infernal form!" Saying this, I forced her out of the chamber, and released the victim of her cruelty from the torture she must have endured; unfastened the straps which prevented her from even moving; and throwing myself into a chair, burst into a flood of tears. Eliza gazed upon me for some moments with a degree of wildness of countenance that too plainly expressed the deranged state of her mind; then taking my hand, she put it to her forehead, and alternately prest it to her lips and her heart. This was done without a single sentence being articulated; for my heart was much too full to allow me to speak. At length recovering myself, "Dear Eliza, do you know me?" I asked in an affectionate tone of voice. "*Dear Eliza!* (she repeated.) There is harmony in that expression; and yet it was not my Henry's voice!"

"You shall see your Henry soon, my poor dear sufferer," I replied, in a still more softened tone. She instantly caught the tender infection, and burst into a violent flood of tears. I did not attempt to repress this emotion; but when it subsided, drew her hand under my arm; and opening a closet door, took

a bonnet and shawl from it, resolving to conduct her to the inn where I had left my horse.

I saw no more of the wretch whom I almost wonder I did not sacrifice to that resentment her cruelty had inspired: but, before I reached the gate of the garden, I was overtaken by the humane girl from whom I had received too faithful an account. I liberally rewarded her humanity, and intreated her to accompany us to the inn, from whence I immediately dispatched a messenger to Henry, briefly stating what I had done, and desiring him to send a carriage for us, and have every thing prepared for the reception of his wife. Eliza scarcely spoke all the morning; yet, whenever the door opened, her countenance betrayed the most expressive marks of fear; and clasping my arm, she seemed to cling to me for protection, when, not finding the object of her terror enter, she let it go again. I had cautioned my friend not to come in the carrriage; for though the poor sufferer was tranquil, yet her mind was evidently in a deranged state; and I dreaded the consequence of agitation, although she scarcely appeared to notice any thing that occurred.

Fear evidently was the passion which actuated every movement. The cause of this dreadful malady appeared to have been totally forgot; for, after our first meeting, she neither mentioned husband or children, and amused herself by caressing a little dog. The animal I bought, and put into the carriage, at which Eliza testified symptoms of delight: but, upon stopping at the door of her house, to my utter astonishment, she neither expressed joy nor surprise. The physician who had attended her at the commencement of her dreadful malady, awaited our arrival, and conducted us up stairs. She received him as a total stranger: in short, the power of recollection appeared totally lost.

I will not, Mr. Editor, attempt to describe the conflicting passions which agitated my friend's bosom,

son, upon being made acquainted with the cruelties his Eliza had endured. Imagination may conceive, though language never could depicture, the feelings of an affectionate husband at hearing the account. The wretch who had so basely abused the confidence which had been placed in her, must have concealed herself under a borrowed name; for Dr. M— took as much pains as my friend to find out her place of residence, but she was never heard of more. For near two months Eliza remained in a kind of torpid state of existence; but at the end of that period, sense and sensibility by degrees returned. Providence, in mercy, kindly restored her faculties, at a moment when her despairing husband feared they were for ever lost.

The beneficence of the Almighty was never displayed more strikingly than in the amiable Eliza's case, who appears not to have the slightest recollection of the dreadful malady under which she laboured so many months; and it is even doubtful whether she retains a remembrance of the accident which happened to her son.

I fear, Mr. Editor, I have trespassed upon the portion allotted to general communication, by the length of my tale; but the hope that it may be attended with beneficial consequences to society, will, I trust, plead as an apology for its length.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

C. B.

ON CONVERSATION.

I HAVE remarked, with much regret, the trifling, I had almost said silly, style of conversation, which has gradually crept in among our fair countrywomen, hitherto the boast of our Isle, not only for their beauty, but for their sensible and rational, and at the same time cheerful, conversation. They were not many

many ages ago, admired for adorning that happy medium between the levity and frivolity of the French, and the cold phlegmatic formality of the more northern nations of the Continent. It is not, therefore, without the greatest concern, that we can witness the importation of this unmeaning, trifling fashion, which, indeed, sits worse upon our fair, than any other we have received from foreign mode-mongers. From this remark I have been led to make some observations upon the present system of female education, and should be happy if, through the medium of your agreeable and useful Publication, they may be productive of any advantage.

In no circumstance has Nature manifested greater anxiety to promote the happiness of the human race, than in the pleasing contrast she has established between the mental qualities, as well as the exterior accomplishments, of the two sexes. As in the latter she has opposed to the rude and boisterous strength of the one, the mild, the gentle, the winning softness of the other; so to the profound and serious reflection of the one, she has opposed the sportive, gay, and lively animation of the other. And she has not more designed the firmness and energy of man, to be a protector and support to the weakness of woman, than she has adapted the affectionate sympathy, and tender solicitude, of the latter, to be a constant source of the most pure and exalted delight. With the most delicate sensibility, she has bestowed a quick conception, and lively faculties, capable of receiving, and of communicating, every mental gratification.

Among all nations, and in all ages, the acquiring external accomplishments, has formed a leading feature in female education: and the fair, conscious of the interesting feelings which their beauty fails not to excite in the breasts of the other sex, have studied to heighten their attractions by the aid of ornament, or those graceful accomplishments which are so well calculated to excite admiration. But why, amidst this

this studious attention to exterior qualifications; is not an equal regard paid to the culture of the mental powers? Why are those faculties, which create a sympathy of feeling, an union and harmony of souls, thrown into the back grouud, and made a secondary consideration, if any at all, in the system of female education? In as much as it is more valuable to retain, and preserve undiminished, whatever contributes to our happiness, than in the first instance to obtain it, in so much should it be more important to cultivate the faculties of the mind, which would tend to render more sincere and permanent, the admiration which has been first raised by personal attractions. Is it not, therefore, to be regretted, that so much, indeed by far the greater part, of the time bestowed upon the instruction of young ladies, should be devoted merely to the attaining a proficiency in accomplishments for the most part mechanical; while comparatively little pains are taken to expand the mind, and store it with information adapted to their situation in life, and highly ornamental to them as intellectual beings? I know I incur the danger of being thought pedantic, and shall, perhaps, have it objected, "What! make them all learned ladies!" I am likewise aware of the odium attached to that term: but I do not wish to inculcate any such doctrine: nor have I any desire to enter into the controversy which some would be ready to engage in, upon the mental qualifications of women, and their supposed inferiority to men in the powers of intellect. Nor do I by any means profess myself equal to the task of laying down a system of female education; I am not competent to it: but I conceive there is this deficiency; and I would merely suggest it to the consideration of those more qualified to correct it, that too exclusive an attention is paid to external acquirements, while intellectual improvement is much neglected; and this I conceive is the chief cause of that trifling style of conversation which gave rise to these observations.

I cannot,

I cannot, however, help remarking, that the term, *learned lady*, seems to have been contemptuously attached rather to those ladies who wish to be thought learned, without having any real knowledge of the subjects which they take delight in conversing on. And the disgust so harshly expressed by the more noble sex, as some fancy themselves, originates, in some measure, in the haughty superiority upon which they pride themselves; but is, perhaps, still more the consequence of a self-sufficient affectation of learning, which indicates rather a want of sense, than an improved understanding. No man of candour can possibly be disgusted, but must, on the contrary, be delighted, to find those outward beauties which first excited his admiration, accompanied by an enlightened mind; by a modest display of talent; by a capacity, as well as desire, to receive instruction; and by a conversation pleasing and interesting. What can render society more agreeable, what can render the intercourse of the sexes more attractive, than a mutual respect for the talents and abilities of each other? And, on the other hand, what can tend so much to degrade and render it insignificant, as the idea too generally entertained, that a man must shape his conversation with females of the lowest capacity, and study to make it silly and ridiculous, in proportion as he wishes to become an agreeable companion? This is a lamentable abuse of the gifts of nature, and must, if it become universal, sink the more amiable part of the creation, with respect to their intellectual importance, to as low a state, as, in their personal capacity, women were formerly held by savage tribes. And though the advancement of the arts of civilization, may insure them from that abject personal degradation, and rules of politeness may still protect them from insult, they will be regarded as incapable of enjoying the noblest blessing of mankind, the communication of sentiment, and will have the mortification of feeling their insignificance in the presence of every

every coxcomb. I confess it betrays a want of sense in any man, to act upon this contemptible principle; but it indicates a still greater want of that true pride which every woman should possess, to suffer such an indignity. It should, therefore, be made a common cause among the fair, to rescue themselves from this danger, which at present seems to threaten them; and happily they have the remedy effectually in their own power. The society of females is still sought as the source of the purest delight, and as the most pleasing relaxation from the avocations of business, or other serious pursuits. Surely, they will not suffer themselves to be considered as ornamental images, or mere beautiful productions of nature, to be enjoyed by a vacant stare, or as those productions of art with which virtuosi regale their taste. For the beauties of the person, they are indebted to Nature: for the irresistible attraction of agreeable and interesting conversation, let them take the merit to themselves. Men are not all coxcombs: the more worthy, and, I hope, yet, the greater part of them, are able to appreciate the value, and happy to have an opportunity of enjoying the pleasure, of rational conversation. Nor will the fair only sustain their importance; they will create new sources of enjoyment for themselves, and confer an obligation of the highest nature on society. They will banish that trifling, insignificant prattle, the only attainment of coxcombs; and along with it, those pests themselves, on whom the most mortifying punishment that could be inflicted, would be a contempt for their tedious nonsense.

How much more engaging, how much more valuable, will they thus render their company, and how infinitely will they enhance the blessings they will bestow upon the happy partners of their days, when they exchange the giddy airs of levity, for the more serious, but cheerful, habits of domestic life! It is not by the charms of person, or external graces only, they can secure their future happiness, but by sweet-

ness of disposition, and the charms of mental accomplishments, which, when the season of romantic love is over, will still remain the source of permanent felicity.

On a future occcasion I shall offer some observations on the system of education more in detail, and suggest in what respects it may be capable of improvement.

PHILOGUN.

FASHIONABLE ANECDOTE.

A LADY of ton going lately to attend a fashionable party, alighted from her carriage, and ascending the staircase, was ushered into the room where the guests were received. No sooner, however, had she advanced about half way across the floor, than a sudden jerk prevented her proceeding further. On some gentlemen present examining into the cause of this unexpected detention, it was discovered that the train of her Ladyship's gown, had, by accident, been shut in the door of the carriage below!!

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE.

April 8.

TO-NIGHT, after Mr. CUMBERLAND's Comedy of *The Wheel of Fortune*, the long expected grand Operatical Romance of *The Forty Thieves* was produced. The principal *Dramatis Personæ* were as follows:—

Cassim Baba,	the Rich Brother,	Mr. DORMER.
Ali Baba,	The Poor Brother, a Woodcutter,	Mr. BANNISTER.
Ganem, his Son,	- - - - - -	Mr. KELLY.
Mustapha, the Cobler of Bagdad,		Mr. MATHEWS.
Selim, Leader of the Caravan,		- Mr. DIGNUM.

Abdallah, Captain of the Thieves, Mr. H. SIDDONS.
Hassarac, Second Captain, - - - Mr. DE CAMP.

Zaide, Wife of Cassim Baba, - - Mrs. DORMER.
Cogia, Wife of Ali Baba, - - - Mrs. BLAND.
Zelie, Daughter of a Bashaw, - Mrs. MATHEWS.
Morgiana, { Slave to Cassim Baba, and Zelie's Sister, } Miss DE CAMP.
Orcobrand, { Genius of the Forest, & Protector of the Thieves, } Mr. RAYMOND.
Fairy of the Lake, - - - - - - Mrs. H. SIDDONS.
Principal Sylph, - - - - - - - Mrs. SHARP.
Cassimer, - - - - - - - - - Miss BRISTOW.

Sylphs, Naiads, Gnomes, Wood-Nymphs, &c. &c.

The Story is taken from *The Arabian Tales,* of the two brothers, one rich, and the other poor, who is a woodcutter, and reduced to great distress. *Ardenelle,* the Fairy of the Lake, becomes the protectress of him and his family; and when he and his son go to the woods to follow their business, *Morgiana,* his brother's slave, on finding his wife refused food by her mistress, conveys a basket of provisions to her and her children. This slave is the Heroine of the piece. The wood is infested by a band of thieves, who are protected by *Orcobrand,* the Genius of the Forest, and his Demons. *Ali Baba,* finding them coming, conceals himself, and finds out the rock in which they hide their booty, and having pronounced the charm, *Open, Sesame,* the rock splits, he enters the cavern, loads his ass with treasure, and conveys it to his cottage. His brother, surprised at his sudden wealth, finds out the secret, and repairs to the wood, where he is discovered by the thieves, and murdered. They miss their booty, and suspect *Ali Baba,* of whom they are determined to be revenged. The Captain,

as a merchant, sells him forty casks of oil, which are delivered to him; when *Morgiana*, going to tap a cask, a voice within asks, "Is all ready?" she answers, "Not yet;" and finds that in the *Forty Casks* are the *Forty Thieves*. She recollects a charm bestowed by the *Fairy*, which applied to them, caused instant death. The Captain thus baffled, arms himself with a poniard to destroy *Ali Baba*, when the slave again interferes, and stabs him. She is then married to *Ali Baba's* son. There is an under-plot of a Princess, who has been seized by the *Thieves*, and detained a prisoner, with a rich caravan.

Such is the substance of the story; but this is a matter of very inferior consideration. The object of the author is to produce a splendid Spectacle, and he has accordingly looked to the Scenery, Machinery, and Decorations. In these he has been most liberally encouraged and supported by the Managers. The eye is, indeed, dazzled by the splendor, and the fancy charmed by the variety, of the Scene. The dresses, &c. are said to have cost 5000l. The opening scenes of the Fairy's grotto, her car drawn by swans, the woodcutter at work at a distance, the dance of Sylphs, Gnomes, &c. is a scenic exhibition of unrivalled beauty. Mrs. H. Siddons, as the *Fairy of the Lake*, looked very well; her dress was magnificent. The view of the city of Bagdad, the banqueting-room, and the concluding scene, with Turkish pavilions, and gondolas sailing about, filled with company, had a most beautiful effect: also the *Thieves*, mounted on horses, riding at a distance through the woods. Miss De Camp's part was one of those singing and dancing characters in which she so much excels, and is so necessary to such a spectacle; her dress was most beautiful and becoming. The music did not boast much novelty, but the selection did great credit to Mr. Kelly's taste. The dialogue was sometimes tedious, and would be much improved by curtailment. We never saw a piece better received.

COVENT

COVENT-GARDEN.

April 10.

TO-NIGHT was performed, for the first time, a Musical Romantic Drama, called *The White Plume;* or, *The Border Chieftains.* The following are the principal characters:

Earl Glenfillan, { Warden of the Scotch Border, }	Mr. MURRAY.
Sir Alfred, { Warden of the English Border, }	Mr. MUNDEN.
Edward, Son to Sir Alfred, - -	Mr. INCLEDON.
Sir Guthred, related to Glenfillan,	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Scotch Chieftain,	
Rondal, an old Minstrel, - - -	Mr. TAYLOR.
Kilspindie, { One of Glenfillan's Household, }	Mr. FAWCETT.
Allan, a Scotch Soldier, - - -	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Arthur, Steward to Sir Alfred, -	Mr. LISTON.
Nicholas, his Man, - - - - -	Mr. SIMMONS.
Cook, - - - - - - - - - -	Mr. HARLEY.
Butler, - - - - - - - - - -	Mr. WILDE.
Donald, } Attendants on Glen-	{ Mr. BENNET.
Sandy, } fillan,	{ Mr. KING.
Pierce, } Two Ruffians,	{ Mr. BEVERLY.
Gilbert, }	{ Mr. ATKINS.
Flora, Glenfillan's Daughter, - -	Miss DAVIES.
Ellen, Daughter to Sir Alfred, -	Miss SEARLE.
Martha, her Attendant, - - -	Miss TYRER.
Rose, an old Housekeeper, - - -	Mrs. EMERY.

Scotch and English Ladies, and Peasants, by Mesdames BENSON, FINDLY, &c.

A Scotch and English Lord Warden have each a son and daughter mutually in love: their courts, knights, and attendants, form the materials of the piece. The interest is excited by the supposed death

of *Ronald*, the son of the Scotch Warden, and the attendant circumstances of a grand funeral, muffled drums, dirge, &c. which were extremely grand. A Scotch chieftain, *Sir Guthred*, falsely charges *Edward*, the friend of *Ronald*, with being the cause of his death. His story not being credited, he, although the guilty party himself, challenges *Edward* to single combat; and when the Barons are all assembled in court to see the dispute decided, *Ronald* appears, whose life has been saved by a domestic; but, to avoid the fury of his enemy, who was in love with *Flora*, his mistress, keeps himself secret. The plot is poor; the characters, in general, are sketches; and all the good acting of the performers could not make them prominent. Mr. FAWCETT was a poetical servant, and sang some humorous songs in his happiest manner. Mr. HENRY JOHNSTON, one of those desperate chieftains whom he personates with so much success, in all the modern *Spectacles:* he was elegantly dressed, and displayed some fine attitudes. Mr. MUNDEN, as a good-natured old Baron, was quite at home, and very successful in his song. The music is beautiful, and to it the piece principally owes its success. A duet between Miss TYRER and Mr. TAYLOR, with which the scene opened, was admirably given. Mr. INCLEDON was in fine voice, and executed several charming songs, which were admirably suited to his voice and manner. Mr. HILL was not less successful in a beautiful air, *Sweet Harmony*, which was rapturously encored; as was a trio between Miss TYRER, Mr. BLANCHARD, and Mr. FAWCETT. The overture possessed great sweetness, taste, and variety; and the accompaniment on the oboe, by Mr. PARKE, was delightful, and received with reiterated plaudits. The whole music is the composition of Mr. REEVE, and does him the greatest honor. The house was crowded in the extreme. The scenery was grand and appropriate. The Piece was announced for future representation amidst loud applause.

THE

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice.*"

A Summary of parental and filial Duties, or an interesting Description of what Parents and Children owe to each other; inculcating also, the most valuable Requisites for a liberal Education. The Whole extracted from the Works of the Sieur de Charron, by J. Taylor, Head Master of the Academy, Dronfield, &c. 12*mo.*

This valuable little treatise being, in its original state, unavoidably concealed from the notice of many families particularly interested in the greatest part of its contents, the Editor has been induced to present it to the world in its present form.

Should the perusal of it afford as much pleasure to others as it has done to us, no apology can be necessary for thus recommending it to the more general attention of the public.

Critical Review.

Culina Famulatrix Medicinæ; or, Receipts in Modern Cookery: with a Medical Commentary, written by Ignotus, and revised by A. Hunter, M. D. F. R. S. L. & E. 12*mo.* 4*s. Boards.*

The Spectator remarks, in one of his papers, that he is never present at a fine dinner, without imagining that he sees gout, palsy, and rheumatism, lurking in ambush among the dishes. The common people have the same idea, when they describe a glutton as digging his grave with his teeth. Though we cannot live without eating and drinking, it is certain that we shall live the longer, and with the more comfort to ourselves, if our food be simple, and the quantity moderate. Cookery, however, throws temptations in our way which few mortals have the power of withstanding; and the epicure regards a good table as one of the first of earthly blessings. Man might indeed boast of being "a cooking animal," if he did not cook himself into the grave: but rich sauces, and high seasonings, the gifts of Culina, are, in fact, curses in disguise, however

however reluctant he may be to subscribe to so unpalatable a doctrine. Yet occasionally an individual may be found to listen to wholesome advice; and to him the hints of *Ignotus*, and Ignotus's second self, will be acceptable. This writer's first object is to induce us to treat the stomach with tenderness, for which purpose he explains the delicacy of its internal structure.

Monthly Review.

The Morality of Fiction; or, an Inquiry into the Tendency of fictitious Narratives, with Observations on some of the most Eminent. By H. Murray, Author of the Swiss Emigrants. 12*mo. pp.* 171. 4*s.*

As fictitious narratives form a large part of the reading of many persons in this age, we cannot too highly commend the design and execution of this little work. The author considers the best mode of giving moral utility to such productions; and briefly, but judiciously, characterizes the most eminent of those which have been written at various times, and in various countries. He contends, and we think with great truth and judgment, certainly with some strong authorities on his side, for the advantage derived to morality from exhibiting, with skill and liveliness, characters somewhat superior to the ordinary level of moral and religious excellence; and he well replies to the most current objections which have been made to this practice. *British Critic.*

Memoir of the Expediency of an Ecclesiastical Establishment for British India; both as the Means of perpetuating the Christian Religion among our own Countrymen, and as a Foundation for the ultimate Civilization of the Natives. By the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, M. A. Vice Provost of the College of Fort William, &c. &c. 4*to.* 126 *pp.* 12*s.*

Very rarely can a book of such intrinsic importance as this come before the public. The question agitated in it is nothing less than that of giving Christianity, and with it civilization, to myriads of human beings, now sunk in the grossest ignorance, and debased by the most atrocious superstitions; besides confirming and extending its influence over those who have been bred to the early participation of its blessings. Nor is the question merely discussed in point of principle, but such facts are brought forward, with so much information at once curious and interesting, respecting the practicability, as well as the propriety, of the design, that we hardly remember to have read any production with a more fixed and eager attention, than this memoir, in every part of its statement, excited. *British Critic.*

A Description of Latium; or, La Campagna di Roma. With Etchings by the Author. 4to. *pp.* 276. *l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The descriptions which have been given of Italy in general, and more particularly of Rome and its immediate vicinity, are so numerous, that, at first view, it might appear unnecessary to add one to the volumes that have been written on this subject. But the *Campagna di Roma*, or ancient Latium, has certainly not been as yet examined with that minuteness which its importance deserves. This may be owing partly to the comparatively desolate appearance of the country. At the first glance it certainly presents an aspect of ruined edifices, and uncultivated nature; but it still contains many objects worthy of observation, and well calculated to yield both pleasure and information. Even its ruins bear witness to its ancient grandeur; and these, together with the important scenes of which it has been the theatre, render it in a peculiar degree interesting to the painter, the antiquary, and the classical scholar. *Literary Journal.*

Vivonio; or the Hour of Retribution. By a Young Lady. 4 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 16*s.*

Vivonio is a novel of some merit in its kind. The style is much better than what we usually meet with, and the occurrences more interesting. Here at least we can say that nature is not outraged, and that the book may be perused with pleasure.
Literary Journal.

The History of the Roman Wall, which crosses the Island of Britain, from the German Ocean to the Irish Sea; describing its ancient State, and its Appearance in the Year 1801. *By W. Hutton, F. A. S. Small* 8*vo. pp.* 340. 7*s. Boards.*

Singular characters undertake singular adventures, and relate them in a singular manner. We have a case in point before us. A gentleman, at the age of seventy-eight, takes a pedestrian journey of six hundred miles, with a black wallet and an umbrella at his back, to explore the whole length of Severus's Wall, for the purpose of ascertaining its present state! Animated by the enthusiasm of an antiquary, the relics of this, the most stupendous monument of Britain, might be to him a matter of curiosity: but can an old man render his account of an old wall interesting? Yes. Mr. Hutton, though by no means in his "*second childhood*," is as alert and playful as a kitten; and that reader must be saturnine indeed, who can peruse his book without being amused. We will not say that Nature, after she made Mr. Hutton, "broke the mould;"

mould:" but we may venture to assert, that we might stand any day for six hours at Charing Cross, and not meet one individual like him. If he has oddities, he has much sense and goodness of heart blended with them; and he seems to have more wit than commonly falls to the share of an antiquary.

Monthly Review.

The Spirit of the Public Journals, for 1805. *Being an impartial Selection of the most ingenious Essays and Jeux d'Esprit that appear in the Newspapers, and other Publications; with explanatory Notes, and Anecdotes of many of the Persons alluded to. Vol. IX. To be continued annually. pp.* 396. 6*s.*

We have here the *ninth volume* of this pleasant work, ushered in by no preface, and, like an excellent course of savoury dishes and sweetmeats, needing none. The same taste, good sense, and judgment, as before prevailed, have been exercised by the compiler, in collecting the materials for his present offering at the shrine of public amusement and lounging curiosity. Some of these pieces are "*original.*" The following epigram is, we believe, of that description.

A HORSE FOR AFTER DINNER. AN EPIGRAM.

"Says Sir Toby, 'My friend, can you get me a nag
'That will ride very quiet--and serve as a fag?'
'Yes, I've one that will suit you; he's steady and mild,
'And so safe in his paces, he'd carry a child.'
'A child!' says Sir Toby, 'that is not the sort;
'Do you think he can carry *two bottles of port?*'" Y.

Monthly Mirror.

The Seventh Day, a Day of Rest for the labouring Cattle. A Discourse preached in the Parish Churches of Staple and Bickenhall, in the County of Somerset, by the Rev. Charles Toogood. 8*vo.* 1*s.*

A Lecture 'On the Sin of Cruelty towards the Brute Creation,' was instituted in the year 1799, by the Rev. Henry Brindley, of Lacock, in the county of Wilts, and, during the first four years, preached at Bath. Since that time it has been preached at different places; at Bristol, and in the neighbourhood of that city; at Frome, and an adjoining parish: it has been preached several times in the Cathedral Church of Exeter, at Crediton, and other parishes in the county of Devon. It has been generally delivered on the Sunday before Shrove-Tuesday: but the benevolent institutor has not confined himself to an annual lecture, for he has generally had

two

two discourses preached every year; and the compliment which he pays those clergymen who are so obliging as to undertake the office, is three guineas a lecture. We should also add, that the worthy founder does not limit his benevolent exertions to a particular district or diocese, but would gladly extend them to any town, where a lecture on the subject might be expected to do good.

In what year Mr. Toogood was invited to deliver this Lecture, the title-page does not inform us. This, however, is of little consequence, for the sermon does credit both to his head and heart.

Critical Review.

The Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography, of South Wales, from Materials collected during two Excursions in the Year 1803. By Benjamin Heath Malkin. M. A. F. S. A. Embellished with Views drawn on the Spot, and engraved by Laporte; and a Map of the Country. 4to. 644. *pp.* 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is one of the most elaborate, and, indeed, satisfactory accounts of a Tour through South Wales, that has yet appeared, and the most likely to keep an honorable station among topographical collections. It commences with a scientific description of the legends, traditions, and history of Wales, particularly dilating on the Legendary Tales of Arthur. It then proceeds to exhibit in detail, Glamorganshire, Brecknockshire, Radnorshire, Cardiganshire, Pembrokeshire, and Caermarthenshire. With the general scenery of these places, the manners of the people, local peculiarities, and general history, the public must now be well acquainted from various works which have of late successively made their appearance.

British Critic.

Verses on the Death of the late Right Hon. Horatio Nelson, Viscount and Baron Nelson of the Nile, &c. By Richard Lowe, Master of the Academy, Panton Square, Haymarket. 4to. 1*s.*

The death of the lamented Nelson has been the melancholy occasion of a long catalogue of rhyming doggerel, under every variety of name and shape—ode, monody, sonnet, elegy, and whatever other appellation the fancy of uninspired authors has been pleased to affix to their crude conceptions. Among these, it is highly grateful to us to meet with one copy of verses (for the modest author does not aspire to a more specious title) which really merits the name of poetry. For energy of expression, chasteness of language, and music of numbers, the composition before us ranks very high.

Critical Review.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLORED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

Curricle of Lace, over a Round Dress of White Sarsnet. Spencer of Green Sarsnet. Straw Bonnet. Buff Gloves, and Shoes. Beaver Hat. Indian Long Shawl. Cambric Walking Dress, with a Lace Ruff.

FULL DRESS.

Head fashionably drest, with a Band of Embroidered Lace. Dress of White Sarsnet, trimmed with Point. Robe of Pink Crape. White Shoes, and Gloves.

R. Sands. del. et sc.

FULL DRESS

ALKING DRESSES

Published May 1 1826 by Vernor Hood & Sharp Poultry

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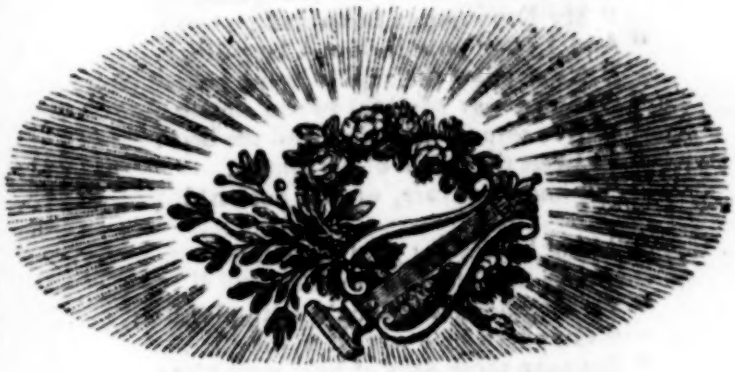

The Apollonian Wreath.

GWYDER.

A WELCH BALLAD.

WHENCE are those sighs you seek to smother?
Whence too that grief which knows not sleep?
Your Davy dearly loves his mother,
Why, ah! why, then, does she weep?
Hush'd is the storm that roar'd last night,
In the sky no clouds are seen;
And goats are skipping with delight;
Cader's sides are deck'd with green.

For what, then, does my mother sorrow?
Again inquir'd the Cambrian boy:
Nor knew that he might, ere the morrow,
Be depriv'd of every joy.
For grief had, like a mildew, blasted
All his parent's fondest hopes.
Her once fair form by care was wasted,
As when broke the lily droops.

"The woes," she cried, "that rack my bosom,
"These lips ne'er open'd to reveal:
"But, ah! despair must now unclose 'em,
"And my child must learn to feel:
"Must learn what 'tis to taste of pain;
"For soon, perhaps, bereft of me,
"An orphan boy, he may complain
"To those who heed not misery.

" O list, then, to my tale of anguish.
" My Davy once a father had ;
" And I, tho' now forlorn I languish,
" Ne'er knew the pain of being sad.
" Gwyder, our youthful swains among,
" Was sure the comeliest and the best :
" So sweet the music of his tongue,
" I knew not care, of him possess'd.

" Altho' he had not gold or treasure,
" Save the little hut you see ;
" Yet each hour was wing'd with pleasure;
" Gwyder's love was all to me.
" But soon those days of bliss were o'er ;
" Cruel war proclaim'd their end ;
" Tore Gwyder from his native shore,
" And left me here without a friend.

" With tears adown his cheeks fast falling,
" Gwyder press'd thee to his breast,
" And as he kiss'd his little darling,
" Strove to lull my griefs to rest :
" While you, unconscious why he wept,
" Smil'd as he plac'd you on his knee.
" When peaceful, undisturb'd you slept,
" He gave his last adieu to me.

" His letters, tho' they told of slaughter,
" For five long years my solace were :
" They imbib'd affliction's water,
" And still they drink the briny tear :
" For twice the sun's meridian heat
" Has thaw'd from Cader's top the snow,
" Since my heart with rapture beat,
" Warm'd by expectation's glow,

" At sight of Gwyder's well known writing,
" And his love-remember'd seal :
" But ne'er again his kind inditing
" Shall my breast with rapture fill.
" For, ah! his silence tells too plain,
" That on earth we meet no more.
" Doubtless, my son, thy father's slain,
" Far distant from the Cambrian shore.

" Ask of me not, then, why I sorrow ;
" My Davy has no father now :
" Alas! the very thought is horror,
" Down to earth it makes me bow :—

" Last

" Last night, as loud the tempest roar'd,
" Methought I saw a glimm'ring light;
" Thrice o'er my head the screech-owl pour'd
" Her dismal notes, that death invite.

" It seem'd as tho' this sentence hollow,
" Sounded from each object near;
' Gwyder's dead; prepare to follow;
' He floats upon a wat'ry bier.'
" E'en Cader Idris* seem'd to bend
" His pond'rous head before the storm,
" As tho' he mourn'd my lost-lov'd friend,
" Who so oft admir'd his form."

Awhile the weeping wife of Gwyder
Paus'd—for grief will utterance choak—
Inly she pray'd of Heav'n to guide her,
And support beneath the stroke.
Closely she press'd her darling child,
Whose frequent sobs bespoke his pain:
" Shall I," he cried, in accents wild,
" Ne'er my father see again?"

Quick she answer'd, " Never, never."
Just then her cot-door open flew:
Smiling, fair and kind as ever,
Gwyder's form appear'd in view.
She shriek'd—he clasp'd her to his breast:
His arm encircled Davy too.
" Now, now, indeed," he cried, " I'm blest;
" This repays whole years of woe."

Restor'd again to peace and pleasure,
Davy saw his mother smile;
Nor more inquir'd, in anxious measure,
Why she mingled tears with toil.
The sweet, the hope-reviving tale
Round Cader Idris quick was told:
Gwyder's return through every vale
Was heard with joy by young and old.

Those who despair unwisely cherish'd,
Comfort from his history drew:
Fancy's gloomy phantoms perish'd,
Reflection wore a brighter hue:
Hope, while it tranquilliz'd each hour,
Bade them rely, nor e'er repine,
On *Him*, whose mercy, like His power,
Is universal, and *divine*.

March, 1806. MARY SOPHIA.

* Cader Idris, a Mountain in Monmouthshire.

FIRST IMPRESSION.

PURE, unsullied, virtuous love
From its truth knows no digression;
Hearts, thus link'd, can never rove;
Faithful to the first impression.

The maid who waver'd till she fell
A hapless victim to transgression,
Had liv'd till now her bliss to tell,
Had she been true to first impression.

Let rigid Prudence be your guide,
Ere yet to love you make concession;
But when 'tis made, be faith your pride;
Oh! never blot the first impression.

Liverpool, H.
1st March, 1806.

ELEGY.

ON Shannon's banks how blest was I,
To rove the live-long day, Mary!
But now I heave the anguish'd sigh,
Since thou'rt for ever flown, Mary.

Where woodbines twine around my cot,
How blest was I with thee, Mary!
I envy'd not the rich one's lot,
Since far from love and thee, Mary.

How dear to me my native vale!
But thou wert dearer far, Mary.
How sweet the summer's whisp'ring gale!
But thou wert sweeter far, Mary.

The rocks that rise round Shannon's bourne,
Have oft beheld thee wand'ring, Mary;
But now thou never can'st return,
The wild woods droop their heads, Mary.

Thou in thy silent grave art laid,
Beside the banks of Shannon, Mary.
The pale moon glimmers thro' the glade,
Where thou art low at rest, Mary.

Now keen despair shall never cease
To prey on my sad heart, Mary,
Till death shall lay me down in peace
Beside thy flow'r-strewn turf, Mary.

H. S. G.

TO MARIA.

NO nymph that e'er tripp'd o'er the plains,
Could her charms with Maria's compare;
Oh! how justly the shepherds and swains
Have esteem'd her the Queen of the Fair!
Tho' cheer'd by the dew-drop of morn,
No lily that beam'd in the shade,
Could such beauties display, as adorn
The soft cheeks of my beautiful maid.

At her smile, which the Graces attend,
The sad scenes of anxiety fly;
And the wretched are sure of a friend,
If they catch but the glance of her eye.
The fair nymphs of the valley and grove,
My heart once delighted survey'd;
But what taught it the raptures of love,
Were the charms of my beautiful maid.

Oh! would that kind fate had ordain'd
Me thy heart and affection to share;
I would boast of the prize I had gain'd,
As I moisten'd thy cheek with a tear.
Thy pleasure should always be mine,
And by thee ev'ry action be sway'd;
I could all other pleasures resign
For the sake of my beautiful maid.

Oh! how happy, thrice happy my lot,
Could Maria my wishes approve!
My repinings would all be forgot
As I knelt at the altar of love.
Each morning, by happiness blest,
Should my fond adoration be paid,
And the ev'ning would lull me to rest
In the arms of my beautiful maid.

But why thus encourage a dream
Whose delusions I'm doom'd to resign?
For the nymph that was always my theme,
Can never,—no never,—be mine.
Then adieu to each soft shady grove,
Where so often delighted we've stray'd;
Adieu to the pleasures of love,
And adieu to my beautiful maid.

I will seek out some distant retreat,
Where the rocks to my griefs may reply;
And as mournful her name I repeat,
Re-echo the sound with a sigh.

And when gentle ev'ning draws near,
And veils the lone spot with her shade,
Oh! how fondly I'll cherish the tear
That I shed for my beautiful maid!

Thus as life's rugged road I descend,
And the shafts of Adversity brave,
To that call I shall cheerful attend
Which will summons me hence to—*my Grave.*
For in yonder bright regions of peace,
Where rewards due to *Virtue* are giv'n,
These eyes, when all sorrows shall cease,
Will review their lov'd Mary in *Heav'n.*

C. H. L.

TO KATE,

Gone for a short Time on a Party of Pleasure.

FAREWELL, my girl! tho' but awhile
You leave your Hal to stay;
'Tis hard the moments to beguile,
With thee so far away.

When thou art here, my heart is light,
My mind as free as air;
Now all is darkness in my sight,
All sadness, grief, and care.

Content I seek in vain; my breast
Disowns all other sway;
'Tis Kate alone remains possest,
Or present, or away.

I can but write one only theme,
But think one only strain;
I close my eye-lids but to dream,
But wake, to think again.

In vain I change from place to place,
Alike all joyless prove;
No changes from my thoughts can chase
The thought of her I love.

Or here, or there, or to, or fro,
My mind is anxious still;
Still, still the same, where'er I go;
Or wander where I will.

Oh! do not stay too long, my lass;
Yet, whilst thou joy canst find,
May Time move slowly in his glass—
With me—as fleet as wind.

Hl.

Liverpool,
1st March, 1806.

TO SIMPLICITY.

SWEET nymph! of ever placid mien,
Who shunn'st the lures of sordid pride,
Who loves the valley's humble scene,
Come, o'er my votive muse preside;
For nor Ambition's gilded toys,
Nor Vice's soft enticing glance,
Nor Folly's visionary joys,
One moment can my breast entrance.

But thou in rustic garb canst please,
Whilst pomp and power soon will cloy;
Canst boast more bliss, and lasting ease,
Than Fortune's minions e'er enjoy.
Yes! happier I thy smiles to share,
From ev'ry pallid sorrow free,
More blest to taste thy simple fare,
O! meek-ey'd maid! Simplicity.

Lead me, then, to thy happy vale,
Where no corroding cares molest,
Where mild Content trips o'er the dale,
With dimpled cheeks, and modest vest,
There be thy straw-roof'd cottage mine,
Thy babbling rill, and sylvan glade;
Thy moss-deck'd seat, whose nodding pine
Throws o'er the brow a darksome shade.

There, far retir'd from Fashion's ken,
How happy will we pass our life!
Well will we mark the care of men,
And smile at their discordant strife.
With bosom light, and airy tread,
Around each genial joy shall come,
Whilst hope shall e'er our footsteps lead,
And health will gild our happy home.

As thought directs, our path we'll chuse,
What time the Morning spreads her wing;
To cull the flow'r of simple hues,
Or scent the sweets the zephyrs bring.
Or we will skirt the silver stream,
The heathy hill, or valley o'er;
Or pleasing trace Aurora's beam,
Its brightness o'er the landscape pour.

Or if beneath some oak reclin'd,
The lark's aërial thrilling note
Shall soothe to peace the musing mind,
And o'er the raptur'd senses float.

Thus

Thus soft entranc'd, gay forms will rise,
And Fancy with her pow'rs attend;
To wake anew life's smiling joys,
"Each pleasure past, each social friend."

When Cynthia lightens all the vale,
And Nature courts a calm repose;
When distant sounds swell in the gale,
And all the pencil'd flow'rets close;
Then will we join the festive round,
And trip the sprightly dance along;
Or to the pipe's melodious sound,
Awake the love-inspiring song.

And e'en when darken'd shadows spread,
And o'er the lawn loud tempests howl;
Still, still within thy clay-built shed,
Each hour on Pleasure's wings shall roll;
For there secure, no harm I'll fear,
Whilst on thy couch of slumber laid,
But soft enjoy each vision dear,
That hovers lightly round my head.

'Tis thus thou shalt, enchanting maid!
Where'er I stray, morn, noon, or night,
Each pleasure-strewed path pervade,
And e'er create some new delight.
For thou wilt ev'ry joy increase,
And glad each hour that's spent with thee;
Spread o'er each scene thy smiles of peace,
O meek-ey'd maid! Simplicity.

Liverpool,
January, 1806. J. B—WD—N.

THE ADVENTURER.

I LIVE at my ease, and I live without trouble,
(Cried *Will,*) by some ventures I make:—
Not ventures at sea—they oft prove a bubble;—
But a much safer course do I take.

To Fortune's rich wheel every year I commit
A trifle, some wealth to possess;
Oft this trifle I lost; but at length, by one hit,
The *Lott'ry* has crown'd me with bliss.
Yet still with more chances myself I will treat,
Since the *loss* is but *small*, and the *gain* may be *great*.

SONNET TO THE RED-BREAST.

Written in Tottenham Church-Yard.

HAIL! gentlest warbler of the feather'd throng,
Whose tuneful notes my list'ning ear assail;
To me how sweetly does thy evening song
Swell in soft accents on the passing gale!
As thus along the church-yard path I stray,
And dull and dreary Nature's charms appear,
How does, sweet bird, thy tributary lay
The wint'ry aspect of the woodlands cheer!
Beneath this leafless bough, whence Winter's hand
Has sternly torn the Summer's pride away;
Lost in ecstatic rapture let me stand,
To hear thy farewell to declining day;
And, when the shade of evening veils thy song,
May fancy to my ear the warbling strain prolong.

February 20th, 1806. L. H. C.

LINES

On the untimely Death of a favorite Dove.

ASSIST, ye Nymphs, assist, and here
In copious order bring
Each flower that decks th' enamell'd year,
Or paints the early Spring.

For mark where yonder willow weeps,
With melancholy shade,
The meek-ey'd bird of pity sleeps,
And Innocence is laid.

Could a deserved death, for love
And innocence await?
Ah, might not pity to a dove
Have stopt the dart of Fate?

Then had no sable bird of night,
No cruel forms annoy'd,
No fiend, with ill-foreboding flight,
The bird of peace destroy'd;

But gently down life's airy stage
It had been truly blest,
Till Death had sent its silver age,
In peace, to endless rest.

R, W.

LOVE DISARMED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IDALIA'S little god one day,
Who near to lovely Myra stood,
Threw bow and arrows quick away,
And quench'd his flambeau in the flood.
A crystal tear begemm'd his eye;
He seem'd by woe full sore oppress'd;
Sob after sob, and sigh on sigh,
Broke from his anxious, heaving breast.
Thinking that Sourdone's stern disdain,
Thus caus'd the urchin to complain,

With footsteps light as air I fled,
To hush his frantic, piercing cries;
To quell his fears, to chafe his head,
And wipe his cheeks, and humid eyes:
When soon with my attentions pleas'd,
His face assum'd its wonted smile;
Whilst I the happy moment seiz'd,
To know his thoughts and cares the while;
When thus the rosy, trembling child
Whisper'd to me, in accents mild:

"Canst thou view fair Myra's charms,
"And mark her brilliant eyes of fire,
"That face which ev'ry bosom warms,
"And then my cause of grief inquire?
"For whilst such grace adorns the maid,
"I must confess myself out-done;
"She'll conquer hearts without my aid,
"And make all bow before her throne."
I did but look—when, to my cost,
I found, like love, my peace was lost.

Liverpool,
February, 1806. J. B—WD—N.

A CHILD'S SOLILOQUY

OVER THE GRAVE OF ITS DECEASED MOTHER.

MY mother dead? I sicken at the sound.
My mother dead, and laid beneath the ground?
Ah! fatal truth!—thy mould'ring ashes lie
Beneath my feet: no more shall thy bright eye
Beam forth the kindness of thy soul on me,
And look thy love as I sit on thy knee!

No

No more, with heartfelt pleasure and delight,
Shall I receive thy parting kiss at night!
No more, uprising from my peaceful bed,
Shall I receive thy blessing on my head,
Or to thy heart be press'd; but, friendless quite,
I rise at morn, and I retire at night.
No mother's gentle hand now dries the tear
Which falls adown my face—for she lies here.—
Ah! how I lov'd her, these my tears bespeak,
Which follow one another down my cheek!—
I'll leave her now; but soon I shall return,
To weep again, and bitterly to mourn!
Perhaps her parted spirit lingers near,
To bless once more her child—that child will here
Each morning and each ev'ning come, to shed
The tear of sorrow o'er her narrow bed.
With aching temples, and a restless mind,
Think on the last farewell she left behind!

Buckingham,
March 3d, 1806. FIDELIS.

ADDRESS TO LOVE.

YES, thou art well reveng'd, Oh, mighty Love!
For slighted threats, and slighted favors past:
Nor did my heart so long rebellious prove,
But to be made thy surer slave at last.

Unable longer to resist thy sway,
Lo! at thy altar prostrate now I fall:
To thee my homage and my vows I pay;
To thee who, first or last, art lord of all.

Indulgent deity! to thee I bend:
If with pure heart I now thy power adore;
If e'er her ears to fervent vows attend,
Give, Oh! give Harriet, and I'll ask no more.

S.

CHARADE.

UPON the foot my *First* is seen,
Both in the youthful and the old;
Sometimes it forms our food, I ween,
And then is very often sold.

My

My *Second* near some country town,
Will very frequently be found;
It rises up, then sinketh down,
And always is upon the ground.

My *Whole* in London forms a street,
Where smart and dressy shops are seen;
In whose gay rounds the ladies meet;—
Now pr'ythee tell me what I mean.

J. M. L.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

SPRING.

WHEN sweet Flora enlivens the scene,
And the vi'lets and primroses spring;
Then each mead is enamell'd with green,
And the birds in soft melody sing:

Then our youths too, how cheerful and gay,
How delightful their *Courtship*, how dear!
Love expands with the blossoms of May,
And true love ever banishes fear.

Yet how soon do those blossoms depart!
And how soon does youth ripen to age!
When infirmities sadden the heart,
Which soft love can no longer assuage!

Stony Stratford,
April 14th, 1806.

J. H.

Correspondence, &c.

We hope the unsuccessful poetical candidates of the present Month (which are not a few) will accept one general acknowledgment, without their pieces being specified, or reasons for non-acceptance given. It would, indeed, be easy to appear a little witty at the expense of some of them: but this is a method delicacy forbids us to use towards our fair contributors, unless forced to it in self-justification, by their insisting upon it.

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